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GRADUATE

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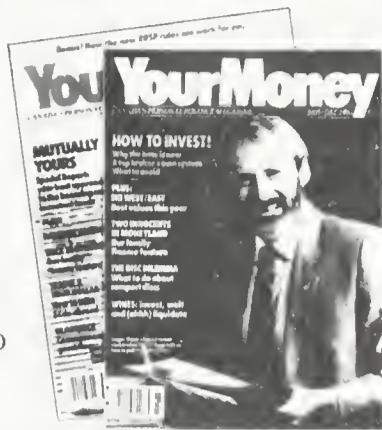
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GRADUATE



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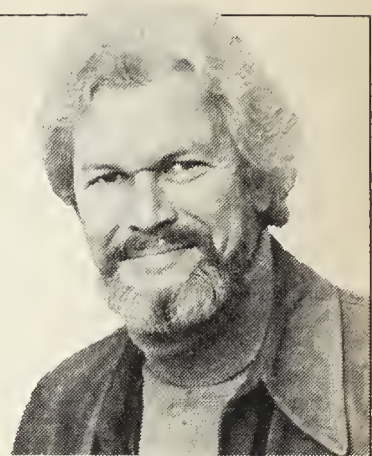
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FREEDOM OF SPEECH



WHEN I SEE PEOPLE WHOSE OPINIONS AND humanity I admire taking positions and signing documents I find reprehensible I become confused, and must strive to comprehend their motives and logic, and must re-examine my own position for its validity. If, having done that, I am still unpersuaded I must accept the loneliness of dissent. I cannot speak for the University but feel nonetheless impelled to speak.

The University has attracted much attention over the incidents involving the ambassador from South Africa's appearances on campus. On page 16 Arthur Kaptainis summarizes the events, placing them in the context of their beginnings — the issue of divestment of the University's holdings in corporations doing business in South Africa, and in the greater historical context of the University's policy on freedom of speech.

The invitation of the South African ambassador has been a contentious issue with good reason.

It is my belief that freedom of speech overrides all other factors in a democracy. There are laws which govern the dissemination of hate literature, the problems of shouting "FIRE!" in a crowded theatre, and other mischief such as incitement to riot and these should be sufficient. But I must also admit to a sceptical view of the freedom of speech that exists in the modern democracies, where it is constantly and continuously under threat.

If the universities, which should be the arenas for intellectual freedom, are not to be counted on as the last bastions of free intellectual thought and with it the free expression of such thoughts, then it is my view that western democracy is doomed. In the collapse of any democratic government, the right to express one's opinion is the first to go.

Cranford Pratt, a professor of political science, wrote a lucid and thorough article on the subject in *The Toronto Star*. After establishing his *bona fides* as a stout believer in the urgent importance of freedom of speech, which if infringed "would significantly diminish the integrity of our political democracy" he goes on to describe, in point form, why the invitation extended to Babb was inappropriate, and why he was one of 16 professors who signed a letter expressing that thought.

In a letter to *The Varsity*, he and others wrote in part:

"It is surely profoundly offensive to many students and colleagues to have the official representative of South Africa welcomed by any section of the University. There is no legitimate reason to justify anyone causing that offence."

The Varsity letter was signed by C. B. Macpherson, Ursula Franklin, Peter Russell and others. These are not

young turks but mature, seasoned clear-thinking senior members of the academic community. I cannot believe that any of them signed without being fully aware of the complexities and implications of their position.

Pratt speaks, in *The Toronto Star* article, of inappropriateness in that Babb was not speaking from a solid base of scholarly credentials but as the agent of an unpleasant regime. Further, the role of "Honorary Visitor" at a debate is traditionally just that. And he speaks of the "insensitivity" of the event, presumably to black students and other minorities who have suffered under various repressive regimes.

It is a powerful, thorough and eloquent statement which I believe is wrong.

A week later, Jean Edward Smith, also a professor of political science, wrote in *The Globe and Mail*, : "In our haste to distance ourselves from the apartheid policies of racist South Africa, we too easily overlook the fragile nature of our own political and social institutions."

He observes that "...it is often difficult to transcend the political tensions of the moment. The passion of our commitment erodes our tolerance, and in the heat of partisanship we overlook the threat of tyranny that lurks in denying our adversaries a full and frank expression of their views."

We make much on campus of the importance of free intellectual pursuit. It is the single persuasive argument in favour of tenure. I contend that freedom of thought is essential to free intellectual pursuit. One takes place in the privacy of one person's mind; the other requires sharing among and with others and is therefore an extension of freedom of speech.

The sensitivities of students and others who have a better comprehension of social inequities and repression than we sheltered North Americans, have already been abused. They will find ways to register their feelings when unpalatable thoughts are uttered, but if they place any value on the democratic ideal they will understand the necessity to separate clearly a dialectic principle and an emotional response to a despicable regime.

I admire the thoughtfulness and sincerity of those who, through letters and court actions, attempted to block the visit of Glenn Babb. I can only, with respect, disagree with them.

John Aitken, Editor

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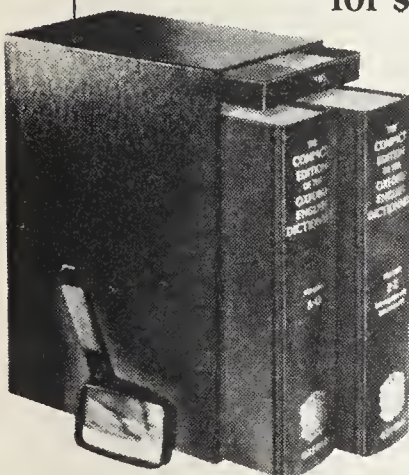
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WINTER SUN POURED THROUGH THE tall living room windows onto the royal blue rug where Muffin, the cairn terrier, watched steam rising from a fresh pot of tea and waited for her biscuit. It was teatime at the dean's house at University College.

Dean Jonathan Pearl and his wife Kathy reflected recently on their five-year sojourn in the little house tucked behind U.C. Built in the late 1850s along with the rest of the college, it has served at various times as the principal's house and the steward's office, as well as the dean's house. For a few years before the 1981 renovations, it was the registrar's office. "Our first year or so here, students kept knocking on the door looking for the registrar," Jonathan said.

The students would have been surprised at the oasis of domesticity behind the green door of the little house. The first surprise is that the house is not little. The diminutive effect is created by the fact that the floor of the house lies about eight inches below ground level. Inside, a world of spacious Victorian elegance opens up. Kathy, with an eye to the practical, described the living room (about 30 by 15 feet) this way: "It's the only living room I've seen where you have to plug the vacuum in twice." The dining room easily accommodates a massive (about 10 feet long) pine table with carved initials attesting to its former use in a U.C. classroom. The huge kitchen, complete with fireplace, cries out for a fat cook bawling orders to a scurrying staff. Since the house comes without staff, however, Jonathan does most of the cooking. He has measured the distance from sink to fridge — six full steps. "He should wear roller skates," Kathy said. In spite of the kitchen's state-of-the-art appliances, one reminder of its origins remains: the mice. Muffin and the Pearls' two cats caught 19 of them this winter.

Living here has given the Pearls a unique view of the U of T. "You certainly get a sense of university life much more than if you just got out of your car and went to your office," Jonathan said. "The campus is very different at night and on weekends than during the normal academic day." For instance, there are the prowling parties. "We've had to chase people off the roof." On weekends, Kathy said, "you get to see how people use the campus as a park." It's "one of the major dog-walking routes in the city." It's also the preferred haunt of an early morning musician who practises the bagpipes outside the Pearls' windows. Then there are the parades which form on the back



campus almost every Saturday in spring and fall. "You look out of your window and see the Carlsberg Beer Wagon. Muffin loves to bark at the horses."

One of the perks of living here when the campus is largely deserted is that the Pearls get to know the campus police, the housekeepers, the grounds workers, the porters — "people you don't notice much when you just go to your office" — in Jonathan's word. Kathy found that she and Jonathan shared a communal feeling with these people. "There's a family aspect to it."

One disadvantage of living here: you can't order a taxi or have a pizza delivered. "You cannot explain to them where this place is," Jonathan said. And there's no corner store within easy reach. But the Pearls don't mind that. "You're never going to work and you're never going home so it's not so bad to have to walk four blocks to the store," Kathy explained. In fact, to create a break between work and home, the Pearls have never used the door connecting the house and U.C. They prefer to go outside and around, even in bad weather.

Inevitably, living here takes on a fish-bowl feeling. "everything you do acquires a symbolic significance," Kathy said. "People will say, 'Oh, the dean's taking his garbage out.' And they'll focus on that image." She told about the time Jonathan dodged that image. He was out gardening in his shorts and an old hat when some tourists stopped and asked him who lived in the house. "He told them the dean lived here. They asked him who the dean was and he told them all about what the dean does — in the third person. He never told them he was the dean. I kept waiting for



him to be honest and tell them. I was mortified."

The image that comes with living here has provided the Pearls with something of a struggle to retain their true sense of themselves. Friends who have known them only in this house tend to think they're "to the manner born". Kathy had to tell herself: "Don't become too enamoured of the role." Jonathan summed up the experience: "Living here can become a trap. The job itself is not very grand but it might be easy to be seduced by certain aspects of it."

That's why, when the Pearls return to "real life" in their cozy home in the Beaches when Jonathan's term as dean ends this summer, Kathy plans to take Muffin in her arms and say: "Well, Toto, we aren't in Oz any more."

TO MARTIN FRIEDLAND, READING LAW means more than reading law books. The 30 students in his crime in literature class are required to read fictionalized accounts of crime in other societies as reported by Dickens, Faulkner, Scott, Fielding, Dreiser and even the Bible.

The new lawlit course reflects Friedland's interest in popular crime writing. A legal scholar and former dean of the Faculty of Law, he is the author of *The Trials of Israel Lipski* and *The Case of Valentine Shortis* (due for publication this fall). His own accounts of criminal cases are designed to raise questions about the judgements of society and the judiciary, but they're strictly factual. Now he's waded into fiction and drama.

In preparation for the course, Friedland looked at primary texts and criticism of English and American literature from the Middle Ages onward. He knew that it would at the very least provide a good excuse to read things he wouldn't otherwise have spent the time on. But, more than that, he has a satisfying feeling of accomplishment in that he is able to see the relationship between crime and society more clearly now.

Which is exactly what he wants for his students. He wants them to comprehend the effect fiction had on the legal system as well as the effect the legal system had on the writers.

To guide them, he asked members of the English department to present papers. Drama specialist Ann Saddlemeyer demonstrated the similarities between drama and the courtroom trial. Good and evil are theatrically portrayed in both. Phyllis Grosskurth, biographer of British psychoanalyst Melanie Klein, showed hidden tensions that can lead to crime. Caesar Blake showed how an author can manipulate his audience to indict society rather than the criminal, who is sometimes seen as a victim. Northrop Frye is to discuss crime and sin in the Bible, which differ from what we consider crime and sin today.

There's a lot of reading involved, but the students have had the reading list since last summer. Here's what Friedland thinks important to the education of a

lawyer: Rudy Wiebe's *Scorched-Wood People*, *Fingerprints*, contemporary Canadian mystery stories, Sharon Pollock's *Blood Relations*, George Ryga's *Indian*, Richard Wright's *Native Son*, Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*, Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, Thomas Middleton's *A Fair Quarrel*, Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and, of course, the Bible.

WE ALL KNOW WHAT THE UNIVERSITY motto means in a metaphorical way. But let's get down to facts. What about a U of T tree in the passage of time? How does it fare? Very well, it turns out. And that's no empty boast. We now have figures to prove it. Students in forestry under the direction of Prof. John Andresen recently completed a computerized listing of all campus trees. The study, sponsored by the Arboretum and Botanical Gardens Committee and funded primarily by the federal Department of Immigration and Employment, found an astounding total of 3,800 trees on campus representing some 60 species. (Not to mention 15,000 shrubs and another 60 species.)

No one could be more pleased with

these totals than Les Hubbard, assistant director of physical plant responsible for grounds, and Jack Funk, the University's landscape supervisor. But, to Hubbard and Funk, a tree is no mere statistic. The two men talk about particular campus trees like old friends. One of Hubbard's favourites is the wild pear near the Queen's Park Crescent bridge. "For a city environment, a wild pear of that size and shape is quite unusual," he says, unable to disguise the note of pride in his voice. Funk speaks of the enormous elm behind the SAC building in the friendly but wary way that a circus trainer refers to the biggest elephant in the herd. "In July and August, that tree requires up to 250 gallons of water a day for transpiration!" Then there's the Turkish hazel by the Chancellor's entrance to Convocation Hall. "It really had a setback a few years ago," Hubbard says, looking as grave as the proverbial country doctor describing a patient's close call. Fortunately, emergency pruning and feeding saved the hazel from the ravages of nearby sewer work.

Among groups of trees, some of the most intriguing on campus, in Hubbard's view, are the London planes on the campus side of the Sigmund Samuel Library and on the St. George side of Sir Daniel Wilson residence. "They have a sort of piebald look — patches of gray, green and beige — because they're always renewing their bark." Some of the oldest trees on campus are the oaks on the east side of the Sigmund Samuel Library and on Philosopher's Walk. Funk estimates that one oak, south of the law building, could be about 150 years old. At the bottom, the oak has grown almost completely around the concrete blocks that have been used to strengthen it.

It's a source of great satisfaction to Funk that, in the eight years he has worked here, the University has lost only one tree to disease. Obviously a man with his feet on the ground, Funk manages to keep an eye on the trees as he makes his rounds, to watch for signs of disease. When he talks about how trees should grow, it sounds as though he might be speaking about students. "You have to make sure they don't grow inward." He mentions another way in which trees resemble students. "They're under a lot of stress." For trees, stress means construction, pollution, high buildings that cause wind burn, and sidewalks and tunnels that cut off the roots' supply of air and nourishment. "It's a constant fight against the elements of the city to survive," says Funk. Hubbard elaborates:



OPENERS

"As large and hardy as a tree is, it's still pretty delicate. It doesn't take much to upset it."

For new plantings, the grounds people favour lindens and Austrian pines (for example, the Robarts Library and the west side of Sidney Smith). Although a small budget allows for on-going plantings at an average cost of \$200 per tree, no one wants to turn every open space into forest. Says Hubbard: "Open space is in short supply. Students need it to throw a Frisbee and that sort of thing." The planting of flowering crab apple trees on King's College Circle in the mid '70s continues to garner many kudos. But a maple planted on the southern rim of the circle had to be moved because people complained that it spoiled their long range pictures of the U.C. doors. "You can make a mistake planting trees, no doubt about it," Hubbard says.

The plan to identify campus trees by plaques, a program begun about ten years ago, had to be abandoned because it became too time-consuming. The spring-loaded screws on the plaques had to be loosened regularly to prevent the tree bark from growing over the plaques. "Remember, a tree grows on the outside," says Funk for the benefit of anyone who isn't quite sure just what does happen to a tree in the passage of time.

Do people appreciate the effort that goes into keeping the University's trees growing straight and tall? "I think they

do without realizing it," says Hubbard. He cites the fact that people often want to stroll along Philosopher's Walk because it's nice there. "Why is it nice there? Because of the trees." As Funk puts it: "Like a lot of things, the trees are taken for granted. But if they were all taken down one night . . ."

He doesn't need to finish the thought. The ominous silence says it all.



VOYAGEUR TWO'S FLY-PAST OF URANUS in January fascinated the world. As data streamed across three billion kilometres of space, we learned more about Uranus in one brief week than we'd known since the planet's discovery in 1781.

But for U of T astrophysicist Scott Tremaine, the fly-past provided more than an intellectual thrill. It was a personal vindication. Sitting in front of the monitors at Cal Tech in Pasadena, Tremaine quietly witnessed the proof of his theory about the rings of Uranus.

First discovered in 1977, the 10 rings of Uranus consist of metre-wide chunks of rock and ice that bounce around like popcorn in a pot. But the rings are narrow (ranging from one or two kilometres to less than 100 kilometres wide) compared to their diameter (some 100,000 kilometres). That means they can't generate the gravitational force necessary to make

their mobile particles cohere in their orbits. No one could explain why they hadn't dispersed eons ago.

Applying the laws of physics to this astronomical enigma, Tremaine theorized that some active mechanism must be containing the rings' particles. Working at Cal Tech with Peter Goldreich and Nicole Borderies in 1978, he came up with the theory of "shepherding satellites". By their gravitational pull, these moons would make the rings cohere. It was already known that Uranus had five moons. But they are too far from the rings to influence them. Tremaine postulated

that there must be at least 10 shepherding moons closer to the rings.

Termed a "bold extrapolation", the theory met with a mixed reception from Tremaine's colleagues. But in 1980 and '81, they started to take his ideas more seriously. That was when the Voyager missions to Saturn discovered that it had narrow rings with shepherding satellites.

Then Voyager Two discovered 10 new moons of Uranus. Eight of them are still too far removed from the rings to have a shepherding effect. But two shepherding satellites were discovered, one immediately inside the largest ring and one immediately outside it. Tremaine says that some eight more shepherds which must exist are difficult to find in the Voyager pictures because these moons are smaller and very dark, being covered with material like carbon black or soot.

"Charming" is how Tremaine describes his abstruse detective work. Theoretical astrophysicists such as Tremaine can't do experiments. They must rely on clues, usually fragmentary and often difficult to interpret. Then they use the laws of physics to make deductions and wait for events to catch up. For Tremaine, it was a wait of eight years.

The appeal of working exclusively on this sort of astrophysics lured Tremaine to U of T's Canadian Institute for Theoretical Astrophysics. Other institutions tend to regard theoretical astrophysics as an adjunct to observational astrophysics.

Born in Toronto in 1950, Tremaine had pursued his career mostly in the U.S. until July 1985 when CITA's then acting director Peter Martin enticed him away from M.I.T. In the six months as CITA's director, Tremaine has attracted some of the best minds in the field to Toronto, among them Stanford University cosmologist Dick Bond. Of the Toronto experience, Tremaine says simply, "I'm having a wonderful time."

And his colleagues at CITA bask in his reflected glory. "We clip all the articles about him that we can find," says Peter Martin.



Exposed to view

Other birds can fly around
I am flightless on the ground
Though I live my breed is dead
Killed by men with clubs and lead
My poor mate was last to go
Killed to mount his skin on show
Auk

Paul Aird



THE GRADUATE READER QUIZ

Help! We'd like to know if *The Graduate* is important to you — and if not how we could improve it. If you'd take a few minutes to answer the questions below, we'll be able to shape future issues to your tastes. Please feel free to add a second sheet of paper with any further comments you might have. And thanks for your help.

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ROBERT FINCH, PRECISELY

BY PATRICK DONOHUE

POET, TEACHER AND ETERNAL
STUDENT. AND MUCH MORE



LUNCH TIME. THE HART HOUSE GALLERY CLUB. A woman spots Robert Finch, professor emeritus of French, and rushes over to introduce herself as one of his former students. He stands gallantly, listening with close attention to her kind remarks about him. In his bearing are all the elegance and sophistication one would expect of a scholar, poet (winner of two Governor-General's awards), artist (13 exhibitions, pictures in the National Gallery and in private collections around the world), accomplished harpsichordist, actor, holder of three honorary degrees and fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. Robert Duer Claydon Finch looks and sounds exactly as such a distinguished gentleman should: perfectly articulated speech in a mellifluous baritone, immaculate grey three piece suit with magenta tie complementing wavy white hair and pencil-thin moustache.

But something other than the expected urbanity begins to show as the woman winds up her extended panegyric. "You know," she says, "the other day I picked up a French book and I found I could read it, and I said to myself that's thanks to Professor Finch's excellent teaching at U.C. so many years ago."

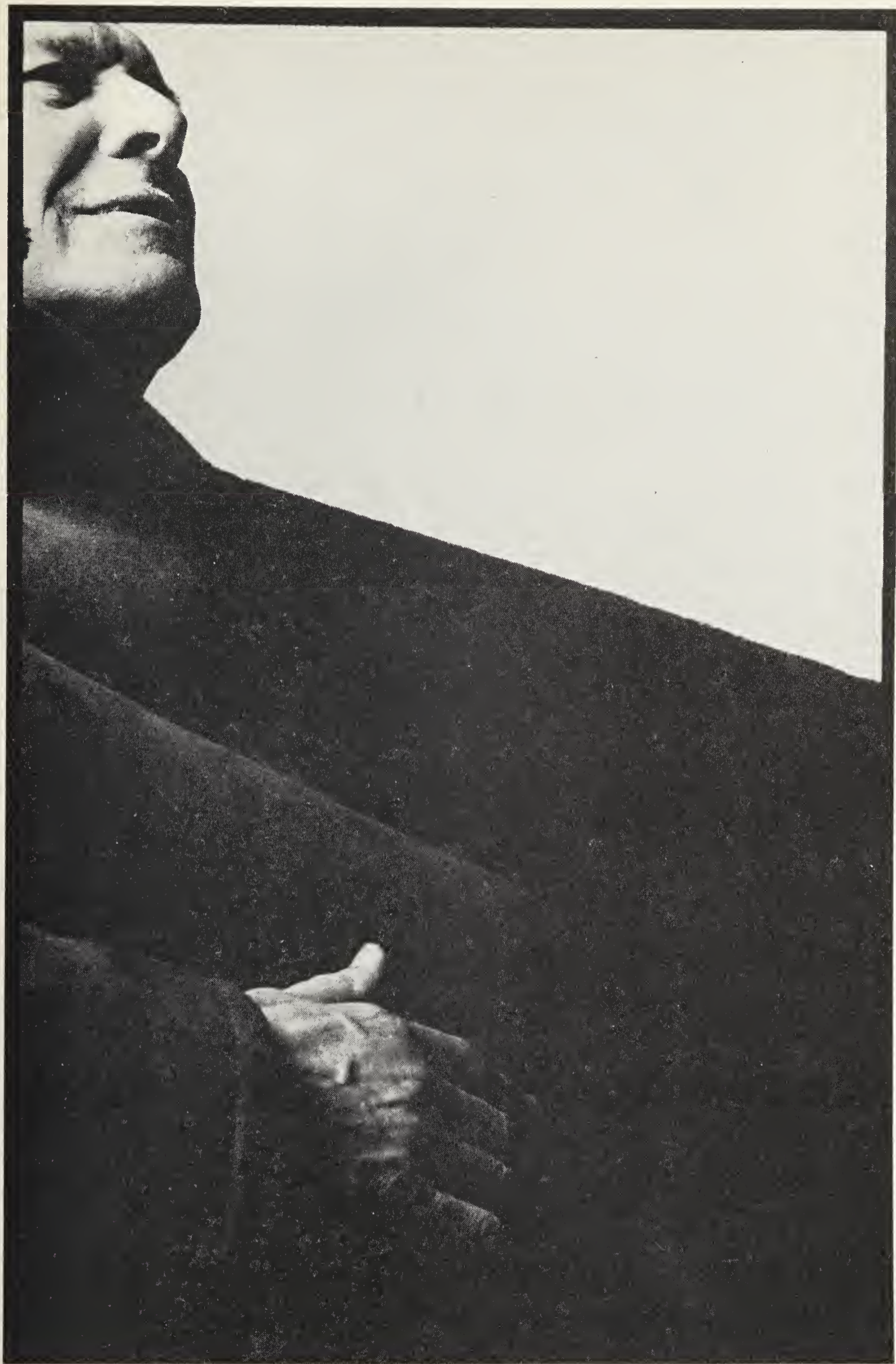
He thanks her, "you're doing me so much good." And here's the surprising part — he positively twinkles. The

years fall away and he stands there full of boyish pleasure like a kid getting top marks from the teacher. And there's a vigour to his voice that belies his 85 years.

For someone meeting him for the first time, that agelessness comes as something of a shock. But it's also something that old friends marvel at. "He just doesn't get old," says Professor Claude Bissell. "That's why he gets along so well with students. He's eternally youthful and therefore the eternal student."

That's also why he doesn't dwell on the past. Although few people have lived as long and colourful a life in the University of Toronto, Professor Finch is more interested in what's going on now. "There are always changes that are interesting and amusing," he says. But his conversation does occasionally, with prompting, allow glimpses of what this place was like in an altogether different era.

Sitting in the lounge outside the Gallery Club, he recalls the days when this was the Faculty Club and an enormous Constable painting loaned by an anonymous philanthropist dominated one wall. In the early years of Hart House, the Massey family retained control of the theatre, using it as an alternate house for fare that wasn't available in the commercial theatres downtown.



SEE HIM SCHEMING . . .
TO CATCH A CLASS
OFF GUARD



Stairs backstage led to a gracious green room where afternoon tea was served to members of the Players' Club — professional actors and those few students who, like Finch, showed exceptional promise as thespians. Describing the formal dress of the ushers and the cream of Toronto's society in attendance on opening nights, Finch gazes out over the circle. "I can still see the cars arriving . . ."

All aspects of University life were regulated by formality and very clear expectations devolved upon everyone. Finch recalls his dismay on learning that joining the staff would require him to play bridge. "But I was soon dispensed with because they discovered I was a talker. Anyway, I never could remember the hands." Even more traumatic was the enforced attendance of staff *en masse* at games in Varsity Stadium. Impecunious young lecturers shivered and watched students in fur coats ("they were wealthier than we") swilling down warming draughts from flasks. Worst of all, adds Finch, eyebrows soaring in mock horror, "we were supposed to care about the score!"

Somehow, Finch survived and became the quintessential University man, probably because of his love of teaching. Claude Bissell, as a first year French student in 1932, found Finch "young, enthusiastic, and very gentle even though he was a little shocked at how bad our pronunciation was." Years later, Bissell sought out this most excellent teacher for help with French pronunciation while preparing speeches as President of the University.

Another former student, Professor John Cairns of the history department, remembers him as "one of the best teachers I ever had, articulate, amusing and extraordinarily well prepared." The young Cairns was amazed at how Finch, when reading passages of French drama, would take all the parts. But he wasn't just a showman; his attention to individual students was impeccable. "He had a way of challenging you and suggesting you had more in your empty head than you thought you had." When a lazy student needed scolding, "he had this very quiet way, that was awfully nice, of speaking to you while the whole class was listening." Cairns cites the time he claimed he couldn't do a translation.

"Mr. Cairns," came Finch's calm response, "do you have a dictionary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think you should probably use it."

Says Cairns: "It was right between the eyes. I was transfixed."

Finch points to the element of surprise as the key to the success of his teaching. "I could never walk in and start by saying 'Turn to page 41 where we left off last class.' I always tried to hit them with something they were not expecting." Even now, his eyes flash with pleasure and you can see him scheming just how to catch a class off guard.

That's what it means to be a born teacher, an appellation Finch laughs at but doesn't deny. He knew from the age of 10 that he wanted to be a university professor and, apart from brief flirtations with musical and acting careers, he never strayed from his true calling. Inevitably, his teaching instincts overflow into all areas of life. Friends say a trip to an art gallery or a concert with Finch becomes a feast of fascinating observations.

Sometimes the lecturer in him is rebuffed. Finch says his sister tells him, "Don't forget that we've all known what you tell us long before you tell us. But that's because you're a teacher." Unruffled, Finch admits, "It does one good to have a sister like that."

Although he has always thought of himself first and foremost as a professor, many people know Finch in one of his other roles — as musician, poet, actor or artist. Finch has no patience with amateur psychologists trying to understand how one man can be so prodigiously creative. He gives the impression that to do all the things he does is simply to be Robert Finch. And when they're done, he maintains a detached, almost indifferent attitude to his work. "Everything I do seems to fall away."

There's no point in trying to be invited to his suite at Massey College in the hope of seeing one of his paintings. He doesn't own one. "I've never put up a painting of mine where I've lived. I want someone to have my paintings."

Similarly with his writing, there is no peering at his reflected image. "When I see a book of poetry I've published, it seems as though somebody else must have written it."

While he loves the theatre, he touches lightly on his stage credits. The best part of his appearance as Duncan in a 1977 production of *Macbeth* at Hart House, he says, was that "Duncan gets assassinated early in the play and I got to go home to bed!"

As for his music, Finch waxes eloquent about his days in France studying with Wanda Landowska, the woman who returned the harpsichord to 20th century concert halls, but he insists that, unlike many pupils under the great woman's tutelage, "I was just an ordinary student."

Even his literary achievements although far from ordinary evoke a response of modesty and detachment. Asked about the significance of twice winning the Governor-General's award, Finch says simply, "I don't think much about it." Then what about the Lorne Pierce gold medal, presented to him in 1968? He seems to have difficulty recalling just what it was for. Something to do with contribution to Canadian literature? "Was it for one's work as a whole? Yes, I think so . . ."

This disinclination to dwell on his accomplishments helps explain Finch's enormous gift for friendship. He turns the spotlight on the other person. "When he's with you, you have the sensation that he'd rather be with you than anybody else," says John Cairns. "He makes you

A QUARTER CENTURY "SPEAKS VOLUMES"



feel that whatever you have, pathetic as it may be, is interesting." And his unswerving support is famous. "He's marvellous when you're down in the dumps or in trouble or think you are," says Cairns. Not that his friends ever hear much about Finch's troubles. "Sometimes you feel he has led a charmed life," says Cairns. "He has no doubt had his setbacks and adversities but he has kept them largely to himself. He has not visited his troubles on his friends."

Those friends aren't just the intelligentsia. Many Finch anecdotes show his ability to reach out and establish instant rapport with people in all walks of life. Claude Bissell refers to the summer holiday Finch spent with the Bissells on Cape Breton. "As you can imagine, not many Cape Bretoners are well versed in the arts but Finch was a great hit with them." Says John Cairns, "At Massey College he will talk to people who work there and chat them up. He will go out to the kitchen and talk to the chef."

Friends love to tell the story of Finch's experience at the Coronation in 1953. Instead of waiting in the rain to watch the parade from his reserved seat in the stands near the Guildhall, Finch made himself comfortable in a bar that had been set up beneath the stands. The management pressed him into service as a kind of sergeant-at-arms to make sure the celebrations didn't get out of hand. Finch delighted in the role although some of his acquaintances were shocked when they learned he had been so employed.

In spite of his gift for the common touch, Finch maintains a certain formality and order in his life as in his art. "He is very precise in his relations with people," says one friend. "It shows in the way he dresses and regulates his life." In other words, he cares about the impression he makes. "It might be called vanity in a lesser man," says another friend, "but it is a mark of his extraordinary optimism. It's a sign that the game is not over for him. He's not willing to sit back and let his image slide. He lives his life as though it's going to go on and on. That's why he keeps writing and why his power has not dried up or diminished in any way."

It certainly hasn't. Finch spends every morning writing and has just completed the first volume of his reminiscences. It deals with the story of his life from the time of his birth at Freeport, Long Island, to his emigration to an Alberta ranch as a youngster with his family, through to his graduate studies at the Sorbonne and then beginning to make a living as a lecturer at U of T. The next volume, dealing largely with his life in the University, promises to be a rich source of memories and infor-

mation for anyone who has been connected with this institution.

Asked the secret of his astounding energy, Finch simply points to the common sense of his life style: he rises and retires early, avoids rich foods, exercises often on an exerciser, walks a lot and in the summer he often spends a day sailing on Lake Erie. He relishes climbing the two flights of stairs to his rooms at Massey College, so much so that he threatened to move out if the college installed an elevator.

He moved into the college before construction was finished, at the invitation of his good friend Robertson Davies, the college's first master. "I've been here a quarter of a century now. I think that speaks volumes." The college gives him the peace he needs for his work. He simply moves out for the weekend when students plan a dance with rock music. In his living room, which reflects the spare eye of a classicist — bright light from windows facing east and west, antique chairs, carefully chosen paintings, a splash of pink cyclamen among the dense green of the plants lining one window sill — pride of place is given to a long, slender harpsichord. Here Finch practises an hour a day and meets with other musicians twice a month to explore baroque music.

Meanwhile, he's preparing another exhibition of watercolours and working on a new collection of poems. The fact that his well balanced cadences have fallen out of popular favour in an age of stridency doesn't bother him. "If you are genuine, an audience exists somewhere for what you have to say." He cites the credo of English poet laureate Ted Hughes: you can only do what you do. What Finch does best, according to fellow poet Earle Birney, is the building up of emotion and thought in complicated verse form. "I don't know anybody else in the country who's writing that sort of thing so well," says Birney. "Sometimes Finch has less to say than other times but, however light what he has to say may be, he's still a joy to read because of the perfection of his form."

Popular or not, Finch still hears from many hopeful poets wanting him to assess their work. "I'm quite willing to tackle any poetry that comes along. In fact, I cannot resist." But all comers should brace themselves for total candour. "I'm regarded as a person who is generally speaking fairly easy going but I am adamant if I'm given a poem. I say frankly and freely what I think of it." He speaks of one prominent citizen whom he emphatically discouraged from pursuing a writing career on the basis of some poems submitted to Finch. He heard no more from the V.I.P. but "evidently he was very vexed."

Less troubling are the calls that come, usually late at night when Finch is in bed, as this recent one did.

"Hello," (brash teenage voice) "is this Robert Finch the poet?"

"Some call me that."

"Oh, good."

"Why?"

"I have to write an essay on a poet and my teacher said it was all right to call you because you're not dead yet."

Far from it! As Finch laughingly recalls the incident, you realize just how much it revitalizes him. The eternal student makes contact with one of his own kind and a new friendship is born. This is what makes it seem that life will never end.

JILL LEVENSON'S BATTLE FOR 'MODERN DRAMA'

BY JUDITH KNELMAN

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE GETTING A KITTEN, NOT A TIGRESS

IN 1976, THE YEAR JILL LEVENSON WAS 33, SHE BOUGHT a house and learned a little about business, like what closing costs were. Then she took over the editorship of a quarterly scholarly journal, *Modern Drama*, and learned even more about business.

Levenson, a fairly sheltered, fragile-looking professor of English at Trinity College, had agreed to be the editor even though she knew very little about modern drama — her field is Shakespeare — because she was between projects in her professional life, having just finished work on an annotated bibliography of English renaissance drama. She had previously published one article on a modern dramatist, Tom Stoppard (author of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*) in whom she was interested because of his use of Shakespeare.

When Ann Saddlemeyer, director of the University's Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama at the time, asked her whether she'd like to become more involved in *Modern Drama*, she answered with a qualified yes, not having heard the italics. She realized that it was a journal Saddlemeyer was talking about only when the editorship became the focus of the conversation. She *had* heard of the journal: it had rejected the Stoppard article some years earlier!

The publication by which the Drama Centre is chiefly known outside the U of T, *Modern Drama* enhances the University's reputation abroad and attracts drama students here. Its articles provide analyses of international dramatic texts written after 1850. It now publishes about 35 articles a year plus book reviews and an annual bibliography of current scholarship, criticism and commentary on dramatic literature and theatre history.

Levenson didn't know much about editing, but she wanted to. "Though I wasn't wild about the period, I decided I would do it for the challenge of being an editor more than anything else." She felt she could do it, and she was right. "I had an instinctive sense of what was intelligent enough to send to an expert, and of the right person to send it to." In the 10 years Levenson has been in control of the journal, it has become astoundingly successful, earning international respect and, even more surprising, money.

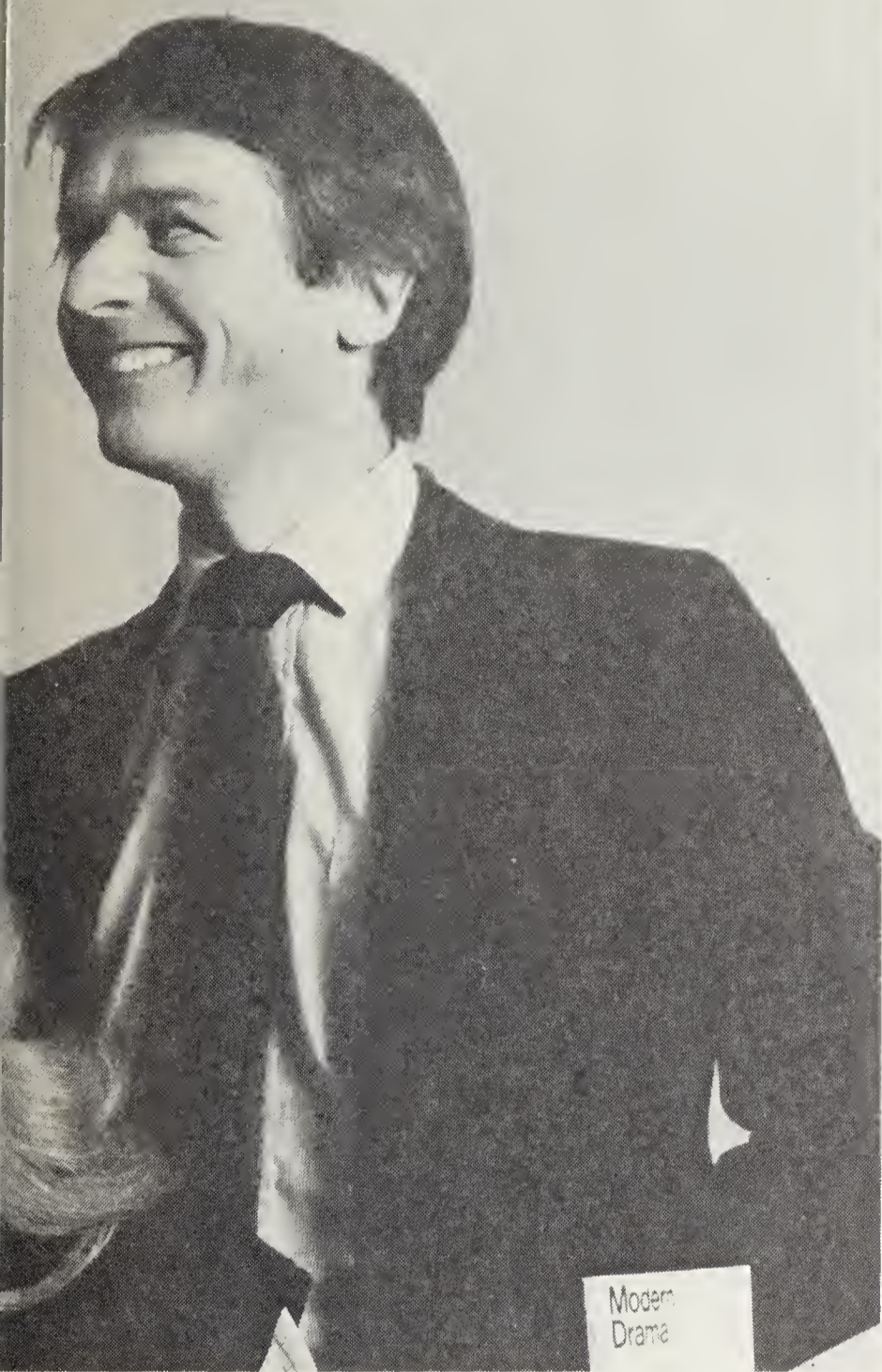
"It's now the only one left in the field," she says, "which means that anybody who's got a thought about modern drama flies it by us first. I have to go through a



shopping bag of mail a week." There used to be 400 submissions a year; now there are about 700 — virtually all unsolicited. And the subscription list has grown from 1,800 to 2,400.

But that is the end of the story. The beginning is that *Modern Drama* was a modest publication that had been getting along on a shoestring since 1958, when it was started by a University of Kansas professor who, assisted by his wife, published it out of their garage. In 1972 they decided to give it up and offered it to the university that would give it the best home. U of T wanted it for the prestige, says Levenson, and took it over with Professor Frederick Marker of the English department at University College as editor. When he asked for an apprentice who could be his successor, Saddlemeyer approached her, and almost immediately she took over the running of the journal, becoming quite attached to it.

"They thought they were getting a kitten, but I turned into a tigress," she says. "I became quite maternal and



Jill Levenson, editor of Modern Drama, with her successors, Christopher Innes (left), who will supervise the vetting of manuscripts, and John Astington, who will handle production

doubtless legal means of retrieving the list and even the subscription money, there was no time to be lost. If the subscribers, scattered all over the world, could not be contacted, the journal would have to fold. There was no possibility of communicating with them through an ad in another journal, since there was no other in the field.

She remembers thinking at that low point that it would be better for the journal to leave U of T than to die. Then it occurred to her that John Leyerle, a colleague in English who was dean of the School of Graduate Studies, might be able to help.

Leyerle, who has a reputation for pertinacity, resourcefulness, political astuteness and quick action, found that he was in a position to apply pressure on the publisher's representative, who, as luck would have it, was a U of T professor. He called the man in for an interview with Levenson, Brian Parker, chairman of the journal's editorial advisory board, and the chairman of the representative's department sitting in and, in a performance that from Levenson's description sounds worthy of Gary Cooper, persuaded him simply to hand over the subscription list so that the journal could be published elsewhere.

Though it was \$19,000 short, *Modern Drama* was now in a position to resume publication. With Leyerle still behind her, Levenson found another publisher, U of T Press, and a \$14,000 bridging loan from the University. The Press straightened out the subscription list, and she was able to write the subscribers explaining what had happened.

Then came another problem. When, after three years, *Modern Drama* began turning a profit, some of Levenson's colleagues were tempted to try and siphon off some of the profits to offset losses on other ventures. "The odour of profit made them want a piece of the pie when they'd never bothered even coming into the kitchen before," she says. Now hardened to the world of business, she quickly saw to it that a constitution was drafted for the journal making it autonomous and requiring all profits to be fed back into it. Last year it published a large, definitive listing of scholarship and criticism in the field from 1966 to 1980, and the editorial board intends to assist with the publication of other books in the field of modern drama.

"I think the journal is always going to have political problems," she says. "Any money-making venture in an institution that's short of it is going to attract attention."

Having mastered both modern drama and business administration, she has decided, after 10 years, to give up the editing and devote more of her time to her own field. It says something for the job she's done that she's going to be replaced by two people, Professor John Astington, who teaches English at Erindale College and acts and directs at Erindale and the St. George campus, and Professor Christopher Innes, who teaches modern drama at York. Astington will handle the production, while Innes will supervise the vetting of manuscripts. ■

proprietary about it." Not only was the journal breaking even: it looked as though it could make money.

In the fall of 1979, the efficient routine she had established suddenly ceased. Though she had handed in the copy for the December issue in good time, proofs did not materialize. It turned out that the printer, who was owed \$35,000 by the publisher for something else, was holding *Modern Drama* hostage. Nothing could budge him. And neither the journal nor the publisher, A.M. Hakkert Ltd., had \$35,000. The publisher's representative was in financial trouble, having put a substantial amount of money into a coffee table book that did not sell.

Irate subscribers began complaining that though their cheques had been cashed they were not receiving the journal. Levenson did not even have a subscription list: that was tightly clenched in the hands of the publisher's representative, who risked losing a money-making operation if he relinquished it. Though there were

A MATTER FOR DEBATE

BY ARTHUR KAPTAINIS

HOW THE UNIVERSITY REACTED TO THE GLENN BABB INCIDENT

MIKE UZUMERI, A CIVIL ENGINEERING PROFESSOR whose most characteristic contribution to Governing Council discussion is to douse an ideological fire with a vigorously hurled bucketful of pragmatism, had his chance Jan. 16. "There is no doubt in my mind," he boomed, "that if I were on the Hart House committee that invited this ambassador, I would have voted against the invitation. But the Governing Council policy is clear. There are no options, there is no debate. The only debate is whether to rescind the policy."

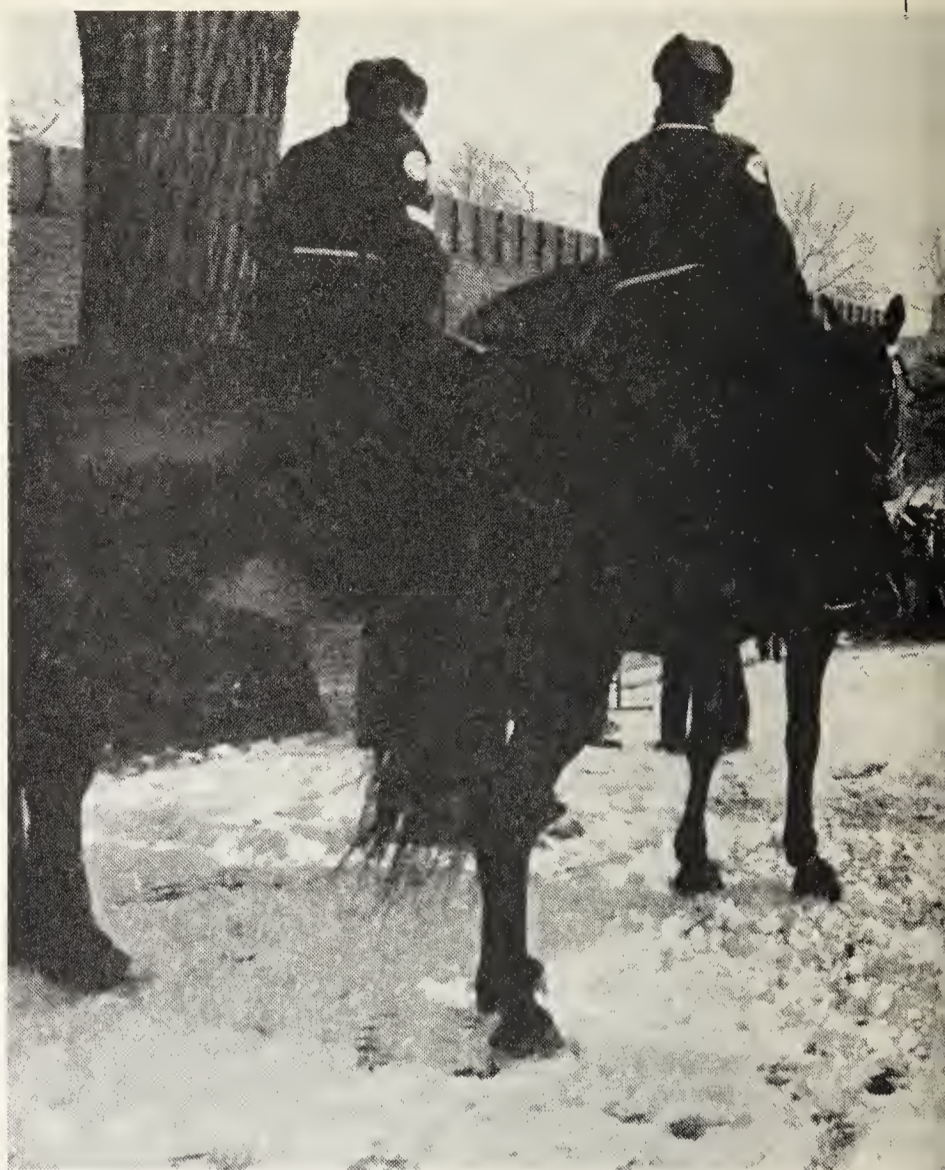
Strictly speaking, Uzumeri was right. The 1974 Statement on the Protection of Freedom of Speech stipulates that speaking appearances at the University disrupted by protesters are to be rescheduled. There could scarcely be a case to which the policy was more relevant than the Hart House debate of Nov. 14, in which Glenn Babb, South African Ambassador to Canada, was the target of an unceremoniously hurled speaker's mace.

But alas, there is a debate — the most sustained, widespread, loudly publicized and acrimonious debate to visit the U of T campus in a decade. It has also all but eclipsed the controversy that sired it: whether U of T should divest its holdings in companies and banks that deal with South Africa.

That issue had been simmering in left-wing caucuses and student newspapers since the '70s. In 1983 and 1984, however, increased violence in South Africa focused new attention on university portfolios. Some universities had, by 1984, divested themselves fully of such stock; many others had divested partially. The time had apparently come for Toronto to take a stand.

In November 1984, the University of Toronto Divestment Committee (UTDC), a recognized student club run by a core of about a dozen activists, authored a 25-page brief arguing the case for divestment. It was presented to the Presidential Advisory Board on Social and Political Aspects of University Investment. Normally this body, appointed yearly but dormant unless issues are brought to its doorstep, would be under no obligation to respond. But the UTDC submission included 1,375 signatures — 1,075 more than were needed to force an evaluation and report.

On May 9, 1985, the board's conclusions arrived on the desk of President Connell. "It does not necessarily follow that, by merely operating in South Africa, foreign-owned





Outside Flavelle House, January 31, 1986

companies are inflicting 'social injury' on their employees. Indeed, the positive effects of foreign companies which pursue policies of non-discrimination and provide training courses for their black workers cannot be overlooked."

One section of the board's arguments advanced the "prudent man" rule — no observance of moral considerations under any circumstances — as the appropriate paradigm for University business conduct. To this the President added the qualification: "It is possible to imagine, in certain circumstances, that we might decline to conduct business with a corporation because its ethical standards were an affront to those of the University." A company's dealing with South Africa, however, did not

constitute such a case.

Why? Because there is a difference, Connell later said to Governing Council, between the exercise of moral judgement and engagement in political action. The latter is the prerogative of the individual. If we hazard it collectively, we invite political interference in our own affairs. In the same June Governing Council meeting that occasioned Connell's response to the UTDC, Claire Johnson, a soft-spoken part-time undergraduate representative, served notice of a motion calling for the development of a full divestment policy. Thus began an uneasy summer.

In September, Connell proposed an amendment: divest only the stock of companies which fail to adhere to the 1978 federal government guidelines on corporate conduct in South Africa. This suggestion appeased the centrist council members who were uncomfortable with the disinterested posture of Connell's June statement, and presented no affront to the conservatives. The student representatives and various campus groups, however, did not brook it well. In the days before the crucial meeting of council, the faculty and staff associations and three student councils issued statements calling for full divestment.

The Sept. 19 meeting, at Scarborough College, was a tense affair. It began with a repudiation, by Johnson, of the Connell amendment. "Codes of conduct can never challenge or compensate for the structure of apartheid," she said. The point "is not that Canadian companies in South Africa are bad employers, but . . . that the net effect of their presence is to support the apartheid state."

Speeches pro and con then bounced back and forth. Finally Cathy Laurier, graduate student, perennial Connell antagonist, and Governing Council's most outspoken radical, confronted the President with a series of questions regarding the University's practical use of the code. Would companies that do not report be subject to divestment?

If the University had a holding in a company that had not reported, Connell responded, "that might lead to an exchange of correspondence". If the University was not then satisfied, action would follow.

"How much time would we give them?" pressed Laurier. "Would we be writing back and forth for two years?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Connell.

William Callahan, a history professor, then said: "My question is a simple one. Under the amendment, is there going to be divestment or not?"

"I think it is clear," responded Connell, "that if any Canadian companies in which we hold shares remain in a state of non-compliance or fail to report, there would be divestment, certainly."

This was all the majority of members needed to hear. The amendment passed with 32 in favour, eight opposed and two abstentions. The Johnson motion — opposed, as it turned out, by Johnson herself — was approved by a similar margin. The vote was cathartic, and despite the after-rumblings in the campus press, a great burden seemed to be lifted from the University's shoulders.

Until the November Hart House debate. This was to be a debate on the value of divestment, but the presence of Babb as honorary visitor turned it into something more

IT'S EASY TO DEFEND FREE SPEECH WHEN THE SPEAKER IS ED BROADBENT



akin to an ideological carnival. The mace attack, although it subsequently became the emblem by which the conflict was known, did not put an end to the proceedings. Hart House Warden Richard Alway, on a point of order, spoke about free speech.

He was greeted with heavy, sustained applause, and a vote among the overflow crowd of 200 on whether to continue the debate was clearly positive. There seemed to be some chance of a return to order. But when Babb took the floor, a sudden swelling of what Alway later called "barracking, stomping and chanting" made it apparent that the approximately 30 hardliners in the room were not about to comply with majority rule. Babb was whisked away and the debate was cancelled.

At precisely this point, the controversy over divestment became a controversy over free speech. After discussing the situation with Connell, Alway phoned Babb with an apology and expression of the University's intention to invite him back. At the next Governing Council meeting, Connell read a condemnation of the disruption, asserted his intention to uphold the 1974 policy of re-invitation, and issued a warning. "I wish to stress that the University will, as the statement requires, use its full authority to protect freedom of speech on campus."

The radical divestment forces rushed to the anti-Babb guns. "I hate to seem like a spoilsport," said graduate student representative Fawn Currey, one of divestment's most vocal advocates, "I have no quarrel with free speech, but to invite Babb back is idiocy. I will have to vote against any motion that includes an invitation to Babb."

The dyed-in-the-wool anti-divestment camp quickly regrouped around the free speech banner. Amid the moderates, however, a division, less polemical and thus deeper, began to appear. Some, such as Chancellor and career diplomat George Ignatieff, saw educational merit in the invitation to Babb. "I've always maintained that apartheid is loathsome," he said, "but among other things it is an opportunity to present our views to the representative of the government that practises apartheid." Others deplored the disruption, but ultimately emphasized the misjudgement of the Debates Committee in extending the invitation to Babb.

So the campus was again recessed, this time for Christmas, in a state of uneasy peace. Nor could the parties agree to disagree. You were either for free speech or against Babb; there was no common ground on which to argue.

In January, news broke that a student group, the International Law Society (ILS), planned a debate between Babb and Montreal civil rights lawyer Irwin Cotler, on the question of international law and South Africa. The arrangements had been made in October, before the Hart House incident. The announcement was greeted by a flurry of letters to the society, a petition to

the President, a comment in the Ontario legislature by New Democratic Party leader Bob Rae, and, horrifyingly, a bomb threat phoned in to a student newspaper. Four professors announced their intention to apply to the Ontario Supreme Court for an injunction against the appearance.

On Jan. 13 the ILS withdrew its invitation to Babb. By the end of that week, 60 law students formed a splinter group, Lawyers for Fundamental Freedoms. The leader of this group was Tony Clement, a Governing Council representative who strongly supported Connell's amendment in the divestment debate, and a pro-establishment commentator for the student press. "We have no sympathy for the South African system," he said at the time, "but it is hypocritical to criticize democratic infringements in South Africa and support them here. It is easy to defend free speech when the invited speaker is Ed Broadbent. The real test comes when you have to defend the jerks."

The ILS cancellation took some of the wind out of the injunction's sails, but the four professors pressed on, demanding an interim injunction against the *planned* appearances of Babb. Come back when you have dates, responded Mr. Justice Jean Marc Labrosse. Connell expressed mixed satisfaction with the ruling. Better to have the injunction defeated on principle than on a "technicality", he told a largely but not wholly sympathetic council. Yet again, temperatures rose.

Babb's appearance was quickly rescheduled for the last day in January, at the Faculty of Law's Moot Court. He was to debate with Professor William Graham the application of international law to South Africa, at the joint invitation of Lawyers for Fundamental Freedoms and the Hart House Debates Committee, with only law students (and, as it turned out, a host of reporters) in attendance. When these plans became known — only three days before the event — the four professors repeated their request for an injunction. Mr. Justice Joseph O'Brien dismissed their argument that Babb's appearance would incite violence as "a thinly veiled threat". Greater damage would be done to the University by granting the injunction than to the professors by denying it.

As the following day wore on, it seemed as if the professors might have had a point. By noon 200 chanting protesters had assembled near Flavelle House, plus police on foot and horseback. The Moot Court, which seats 150, was filled. Others watched the debate on a monitor in a nearby room. Lights glared and cameras whirled as the University's vice-president for institutional relations, David Cameron, told the crowd that the debate was intended to fulfil University policy.

As the debate progressed, outdoor chanters made it difficult to hear the speakers. Babb's rhetoric clashed inconclusively with Graham's logic. The event was over, and the campus settled back for a breather. The next heat would feature Laurier, who had announced her intention to present a motion to Governing Council to establish a University policy on racism. A draft of the policy declares: "U of T will not tolerate racism and will not permit its facilities and properties to be used to expound or solicit public support for racism in any form."

THE WORTH OF IMAGINATION

BY FRANCESSE G. HALPENNY

THE POSSIBILITIES OF CANADA ARE NOT
GAUGED SIMPLY BY CROPS OF WHEAT
AND EXPORTS OF NATURAL GAS



I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS PUBLIC OPPORTUNITY OF recording my sense of honour in being co-recipient of the faculty award from the University of Toronto Alumni Association. The circumstances of the award have suggested several themes for the remarks that follow. Professor Joan Foley and I were the first women to receive it, and not unnaturally one's thoughts were led once more to the place of women in the university. Indeed those of many persons had been all through the session of 1984-85 which marked the centenary of the admission of women as students at Toronto.

That anniversary, carried out through its many events with wit, imagination and good humour, and with a practical culmination in a published history and new student scholarships open to both men and women, was indeed a celebration. The spirit of that occasion was also in some way a recognition that in 1985 the numbers of women proceeding to first and to graduate degrees are a constant and accepted routine. Women students do still have problems but happily frivolous bantering about feminine presence is now recognized as a contradiction of fact and of taste. Women and men are, both, students, pursuing their studies as their various interests dictate.

When one comes to the use women can make of their degrees, the picture is not so heartening. Disinterest and prejudice still make progress difficult in many areas, and though there has been growing recognition of the qualities, as well as the special needs, of women in the

professions and other areas where advanced education is required, a great deal is yet to be accomplished. The perseverance, tact and conviction of both men and women graduates are needed to make change seem not simply undeniable but just and welcome in its promise.

These comments are valid too within universities where the numbers of women on staff, particularly in senior ranks, whether academic or administrative, do not begin to match the proportions visibly present in tonight's graduating class. The crippling result of current underfunding in reducing entry to teaching posts, and in making much of what entry there is short-term and hopscotch across the country, has been dismaying for all aspirants but a particular setback for the qualified women who are now ready in greater numbers for consideration for appointment.

The message about the harm of underfunding in its dismal effects on the quality of the university experience is one many of you, men and women, have already found ways as students of delivering to government and the general public. As alumni, you will, we hope, continue to feel that repetition of this message, in whatever ways are available to you, is crucial to the well-being of this university and others and therefore crucial to the well-being of this country.

The occasion of the award and the centenary set me thinking of some of the women with whom my 40 years in this university have brought me into association. Women on the academic staff whom I remember with respect had their difficulties in securing recognition in both practical academic arrangements and in the intangibles of collegiality; they could be forceful in expressing them, and dauntless in combating them. They were determined that the women who followed would

Francesse G. Halpenny, C.C., is general editor of the Dictionary of Canadian Biography and a professor of library science. She addressed Convocation for the conferring of graduate degrees, November 22, 1985.

have a fair chance. To me, finding my way over the years in scholarly publishing after the principal of my college had told me that as a woman I had little chance in academic life, they gave constant encouragement.

But one was aware that the manner in which Beatrice Corrigan in Italian, Cecilia Krieger in mathematics, Mary White in classics, Kathleen Coburn in English literature and Helen Hogg in astronomy made their presence of account was ultimately and inflexibly by scholarship, by their quality of mind and insight — as did women academics elsewhere such as Hilda Neatby at Saskatchewan, Margaret Ormsby at U.B.C. and Joyce Hemlow at McGill. They made excellence in scholarship, combined with dedication in teaching and counselling of students, the centre of their concentration and by it they achieved.

Scholarship was also their joy, and the experience of it they communicated was exhilarating. The pursuit of an idea or theory, the study of a literature, the effort to understand a process of nature, the interpretation of a musical score, the unravelling of a social trend: all of these are indeed opportunities for the excitement of discovery. The zest of the explorers, men or women, will have a kindling effect upon those who perceive their journey and those who receive the results. As a publisher and editor over many years, I can assert that truth about the best fruits of scholarship in print, whatever the subject.

You who graduate tonight have in recent years been much preoccupied with the techniques of scholarship and harassed by deadlines, but I am sure you have also received a persuasive sense of its power of stimulation. No matter what you may now do, that sense need not die. It will enhance the work you undertake that follows more or less directly on from graduate study.

But in other areas of activity, even leisure time, the urge to discover, to understand, to analyse, to think through — and the ways to satisfy that urge — can also be cultivated, cultivated for personal reward but also for social value. Society needs demonstration of the worth of the mind and the imagination in every area of its endeavours. Your personal example and the public witness you give on behalf of scholarship and intellectual curiosity will help to ensure their life and development in our universities.

Perhaps no area of scholarly activity more needs the belief and sustenance of all of us, whatever our field of study and work, than the humanities. The concerns of government are so centred upon problems of the immediate and pragmatic, and so focused on technological solutions, that reflection on the human messages of the past and the human necessities of the future has too little place. The influence of government and of what is cited as general public opinion upon the priorities of universities put the cherishing of such reflection in jeopardy.

Yet the need for it is real.

Societies can build frightening arsenals for supposed protection but do not sufficiently encourage the examination of human thoughts and emotions that will alone lead to stability and goodwill. Transportation systems fill airports with people of all races and creeds on their way to visit other countries, to set up trade, or to take up new homes. Understanding and appreciation in Canada of





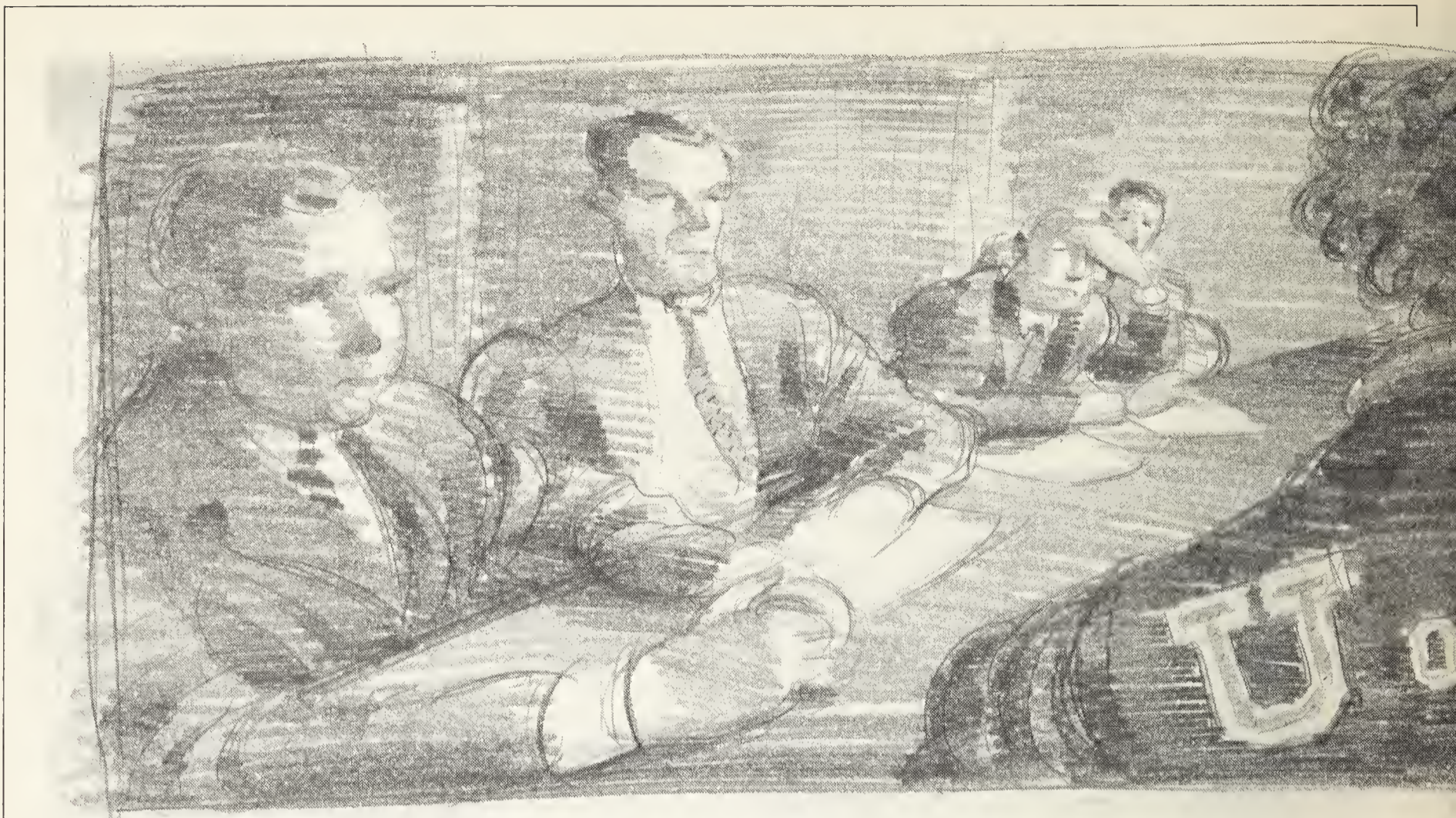
cultures to be visited, or traded with, or to be lived with at home lags far behind the aircraft. In particular a downplaying of the value of knowledge of other languages and literatures across the world impedes communication on many social levels.

The special nature and the possibilities of Canada are known most clearly through its history from earliest times and the responses of creative artists to its people and landscape, and are not gauged simply by crops of wheat and exports of natural gas. Canada is, moreover, favoured as well as challenged by the cultural legacy it has received from its European roots, a legacy still present with us and worthy of study because still potent to deepen and strengthen our emotional and intellectual life. In the humanities, as the late George Whalley of Queen's University eloquently presented them in a Royal Society symposium on *The Written Word*, our scholarship has been "disciplined and invigorated" by the learned culture within which it found itself — its sense of language refined and its discrimination sharpened.

The humanistic disciplines of the University of Toronto, using this inheritance and the Canadian experience, have made, and continue to make, an impressive contribution to knowledge, for ourselves and for others. They are being accorded continuing recognition around the world. They know how to use modern technology — the computer makes possible the Dictionary of Old English and machine memory the collected works of John Stuart Mill, both recently applauded as Canadian achievements in the *Times Literary Supplement*. But both projects, it should be remembered, are about words — the words that created writings with power still to move and persuade today, in Canada as well as outside it. The humanities, in Whalley's phrase, "explore the human kind inside." Dealing with "events experienced, often events that are internal, secret, puzzling and fugitive," they are a way to truth. With these many reasons for life and yet vulnerable because they are not perceived to be problem-solvers, the humanities need the vocal support of the community for their preservation.

But they can in turn reward the community by offering a pleasure of participation to many who might be shy about using the term. All of us participate in the humanities in the simple act of reading for our best pleasure and our sustenance and sharing the experience with others.

I commend to you, for instance, Timothy Findley's latest novel *Not Wanted on the Voyage*, which I happened to be reading when I came to write these words. In a way it is a piece of all that I have just been saying. It is a superb re-enactment of the Flood and the survival of the Ark, a story that is hypnotic in the telling, as modern as Mrs. Noah's recipe for cheese soufflé and as old as the mystery of eating apples. It picks up our long literary and religious inheritance — making use of Biblical accounts and imperatives, characters of medieval drama, animals out of the country of fables, allegorical dream visions, hymns of Protestant faith. But it makes a new and different whole, and a whole which is eloquent and anguished about and to our own self-destructing world. Past and present, one reflecting upon the other — survival, regeneration. As Margaret Laurence puts it: Look ahead into the past and back into the future. ■



CO-OP VENTURE

BY GEORGE COOK

SCARBOROUGH'S WORK-STUDY PROGRAMS ARE THRIVING

MANY BUDDING INNOVATIONS HAVE WITHERED under the cool scrutiny of a sceptical committee. So 12 years ago, when Ralph Campbell, principal of Scarborough College, began to prepare the ground for U of T's only work-study program, he did so with care.

He recalls an incident illustrative of the initial reluctance to introduce work-study to the University. During a conversation with a colleague he noted the success of co-operative programs at the University of Waterloo and suggested starting one at the U of T. "Co-op education is poor education," his colleague responded. "Waterloo's program will fold before too long."

Undeterred, Campbell approached his Scarborough College staff and discovered that many shared his enthusiasm. Find bright, ambitious students, scholars with a zest for the new, and willing employers, bring them together and, with cultivation, a work-study program would bear fruit.

But first the University's Academic Affairs Committee needed a solid proposal.

"I remember going down to defend the idea several times — I don't know exactly how many — before I was finally successful," Campbell says. "They wanted to

know: Would the standards of education be up to those U of T held dear? What would the courses be like? How could students take a term off to work?"

He provided the answers and, after careful consideration, the first co-op program — in administrative studies — was approved. In the ensuing decade it has overcome whatever doubts remained. Admission standards have risen, requirements for study and work terms have been refined and the first graduates have already begun to provide work placements.

The surest sign of the initial success was the addition, in 1983, of two more hardy work-study perennials — arts administration and international development studies. The demand for them was unequivocal, explains Professor Arthur Sheps, the current program director. The Applebaum-Hebert Report on Cultural Policy in Canada said the country's galleries, museums, theatre companies and orchestras needed more professional administrators and the international development community had been seeking a top-notch training program for some time.

The arts administration program was established; arts organizations were anxious to provide suitable work-term placements. In international development, on the other hand, the cost of student travel seemed to militate against success. The college pressed ahead, however, and won support for the new venture from the Canadian International Development Agency. CIDA now considers IDS a pilot project and will contribute \$250,000 over the next two years for student travel and related expenses.

This summer the first students will leave for the Philippines, the Sudan, Lesotho and Central America where they will join the Foundation for International Training, World University Service of Canada, Foster Parents Plan International or the Area Mission for Latin America and the Caribbean. If the promising beginning



bears fruit, CIDA may expand or extend its support for the IDS program.

The integration of theory and practice is the shared foundation of all three co-op streams. Administrative studies involves class terms and work placements in both private and public sector institutions. A custom-made curriculum gives the student special insight into the interaction of government and business. The goals of the arts administration stream are similar. Courses in the arts, economics and accounting are supplemented by work term placements with organizations such as the Canada Council. International development studies integrate knowledge of Third World culture and politics with the technical ability to find a well or plan crop rotation.

The intellectual advantages of integrating study and work become especially apparent in international development where theory and practice occasionally fail to meet. Campbell, who left Scarborough to serve as president of the University of Manitoba, then economic adviser to the president of Kenya, is now director of the international development office of the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada. He knows experience in the field is necessary for a solid education. An IDS work term is a rite of passage; success depends not only on the student's knowledge and commitment, but on the ability to cope with the frustrations of life and toil in the Third World.

"When they run into obstacles," Campbell says, "they have to show their initiative and find their way around them." Obstacles might be anything from the apparently trivial — the demise of a typewriter ribbon and the time it takes to order a new one — to the enormous — the absence of roads and communication links to remote, rural communities.

The discipline and problem-solving ability of Scar-

borough's co-op students have created a demand for their services in Toronto, elsewhere in Canada and around the world. The relatively small size of the program — only 160 students at present — is, in addition, a major advantage to employers, because it allows time for the careful matching of student and workplace.

Beverley Abramson and Paul Schafer are the coordinators responsible for seeing that theory and practice meet in stimulating work placements. They understand the importance of a small program and successful match-making. The process is personalized. "I get to know the students and the skills employers are looking for," says Abramson. Schafer, who handles both arts administration and IDS placements, says the success of his programs depends on student performance. "You have to be sure you get the right student into the right organization," he says.

Employer satisfaction has been high, but Sheps takes pains to dispel the false impression, sometimes held by prospective students, that the college is an employment agency. "We're not finding students a job," he says. "We work out whether a placement is the maximum educational experience for the student on the one hand and beneficial for the employer on the other."

Arts administration and international development studies are now in the process of refinement, and all three streams look forward to a measure of enrolment growth. "These are flagship operations — high level, high prestige programs," says Sheps. "They have a character and appeal that transcends the usual borders of the Scarborough campus and the University."

U of T will never become a co-op institution, but the Scarborough College innovations Campbell brought to life a decade ago have found a place here and proven their worth. As Sheps is proud to note: "They really do attract." ■

VITAL LINKS BETWEEN SCHOOLS & UNIVERSITIES



IN RECENT WEEKS I HAVE BECOME INCREASINGLY aware of the University's relationships to the province's secondary schools and to the concerns of professional educators, both in the schools and within the University's sphere.

On two occasions I have taken part in conversations with groups of secondary school principals and guidance specialists in sessions arranged by William Kent, our director of admissions, and his staff. The purpose of these sessions was to ensure that those who have some role in helping students to cross the bridge from school to university have up-to-date and useful information for their students. It is important to the University of Toronto that our prospective students can find out easily as much as they want and need to know about us. It is also important that we hear what principals, guidance specialists and other teachers think about the University and about our rules and procedures for admission in order that we can make appropriate and constructive responses.

Such opportunities for discussion are particularly important at this time because the secondary and intermediate schools of Ontario are undergoing a major transformation, of which the most visible change will be the elimination of the grade 13 year. To be more precise, prospective university students will follow a program which can lead to matriculation in only four years. At the same time, the entire intermediate and secondary curricula are being rewritten in the expectation that the new programs will be stronger in many respects than the old. This transformation is of no little importance to the universities.

Faculty members from the University of Toronto and many other universities are helping in this curriculum development program. I should mention two persons in particular. In 1982, the Council of Ontario Universities asked John Ricker, a former dean of education at the University of Toronto, to serve as liaison officer with the universities, the Ministry of Education and the school boards. John is a wise and experienced educator and he proved to be ideal for this role. I believe that the ministry and the school boards were at first surprised that the universities were taking an interest in curriculum renewal and were impressed that we had found so capable a per-

son to represent us. On our part, the universities were impressed by the quality of John's reports and began to appreciate how important all the changes that are occurring are to us. In 1984, John Ricker was succeeded by another Toronto professor, Richard Van Fossen, then vice-principal of Erindale College. He, too, has made a notable contribution to improving relationships with the secondary schools and the flow of information between schools and universities.

These experiences have forced me to recognize that many of us in the universities have been less than conscientious in maintaining lines of communication to school administrators and teachers. Perhaps the rest of us, in other faculties and departments, have been too ready to assume that the Faculty of Education, which dedicates almost its entire effort to the preparation and continuing education of teachers, would deal with the schools, while we concerned ourselves with our students *after* they reached the campus. The Faculty of Education will always be our strongest link to the schools, but every department of the University has a vital interest in how our students are prepared for university entrance, and our sympathetic expressions of interest are likely to be warmly received by our colleagues at the primary, intermediate and senior levels across the province.

My recent experiences with professional educators have included a quite different set of considerations related to our nearest academic neighbour, the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. The Institute also has a very close and supportive relationship with the schools of Ontario, but it is distinctively different from that of the Faculty of Education: its students are graduate students, working towards master's and doctoral degrees in education, degrees earned in the University of Toronto, and it has a heavy commitment to research. The Institute is, in a formal sense, the Graduate Department of Education of the University.

For some time, especially since the summer of 1985, the Institute and the University have been conducting discussions about integrating the programs of the Faculty of Education and the Institute. The idea of integration had been given formal expression in a series of reviews, the most recent of which, in 1983, was the report of a committee of the Joint Council on Education,

chaired by Professor (now Senator) Lorna Marsden. The Marsden Report indicated that integration would give members of the faculty broader opportunities to participate in graduate instruction and research, and provide students and faculty members of O.I.S.E. with opportunities to teach in programs of the faculty, as well as to conduct research in faculty facilities. Such an integrated body would become an institution of exceptional resources and disciplinary strengths. Ideally, through linkage to this great new enterprise, other departments and faculties of the University could also contribute resources and expertise.

Last summer, the University and the Institute, having already agreed to seek ways and means to achieve integration, launched formal negotiations which should one day have led to fulfilment of that vision. Both parties were taken by surprise, then, when the Treasurer of Ontario, the Hon. Robert Nixon, announced in his budget speech on October 24 the intention of the government to transfer the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education to the University of Toronto. Although the manner of intervention was unusual, I have consistently taken a positive attitude toward the measure, as I believe it could

lead, although by a different route, to the integration we had been pursuing.

Faculty at O.I.S.E., however, took quite a different view of the matter and have worked hard to resist the forced transfer. Whatever attractions there might be in closer linkage to the University, these critics do not believe they outweigh the loss of the autonomy which the Institute now enjoys.

In consequence, since October 24 our negotiations have been stalled. I regret very much the disruption of what has been a cordial and constructive relationship with our sister institution. I hope that we can, in the near future, rebuild a climate of trust and co-operation in which we can pursue our common mission and the goals of the Marsden Report.

George E. Connell

President

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MORE GOVERNMENT MISCHIEF: IMPOSING A TAX ON READING?

IT IS UNUSUAL BUT NOT UNPRECEDENTED for an editor to write a letter to the editor. It has come to my attention that the federal government is considering removal of the exemption from federal sales tax on books, magazines and newspapers.

About a year and a half ago the Nielsen Task Force was established by Brian Mulroney to review all federal programs providing financial support, direct or indirect, and to recommend those that could be dropped or reduced in order to reduce the federal deficit. The federal sales tax exemption was noted. This exemption has until now provided an indirect form of support for books, magazines and newspapers. Its removal would affect publishers, booksellers and libraries. But worse, it would force all who read to pay a higher price, because removal of the exemption would add 10 or 11 per cent to manufacturing costs (printing and typesetting) and would, almost without exception, result in increased retail costs.

The federal Department of Communications heard of this and commissioned Woods Gordon to report on what the effect would be if the exemption were removed. It is understood that the Woods Gordon advice was that such a move would be "disastrous".

The CPPA (the Canadian Periodical Publishers Association) and ACP (Association of Canadian Publishers, which includes the University of Toronto Press) and other organizations are lobbying to try and have the exemptions retained because we agree.

The problem from a political point of view is that when you try to lobby against a federal sales tax the tendency is not to think of it as something that will hurt consumers. Most federal sales taxes are not visible at the retail level. These are the "hidden taxes" which are included in a price which has been raised to allow for them, so that, if you say to someone on the street "I'm going to have to pay 10 per cent more on my printing bill" the response is, "yeah, so what?"

Well, consider that students would pay higher prices for their textbooks, scholarly publishing (necessary but notoriously unprofitable) would suffer, library acquisitions programs would be wrecked,

Letters may be edited to fit available space and should be addressed: Graduate Letters, Department of Communications, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

and magazines such as *The Graduate* which are not published in order to make money but to inform, would be confronted with an extraordinary increase in costs. The small magazines, those which publish Canadian fiction and poetry, for example, or which provide commentary on Canadian art, are already functioning on a razor's edge and some would inevitably disappear.

It amounts to a tax on reading. The federal government would be ill-advised to pursue such an action.

John Aitken
Editor

Readers might be interested in the antics of an earlier generation of engineering students than those recorded in the delightful article, "A Hundred Years of Mischief" published in the Nov./Dec. issue.

Bowler hats and long dark overcoats appear to be the approved Skule attire for the class of 1906 attending S.P.S. However this formal garb evidently did not squelch the mischievous proclivity of these early neophyte engineers.

Here is the evidence. A letter written to his father in Bracebridge by my father, Wilmund Huber, civil engineering class of 1906. Enclosed with the letter was a classmate's snap-shot of the encounter. The letter is dated November 30/05.

Dear Father:

Looks as if you'd been reading the "World". Don't believe all you read in



Re: "100 Years of Mischief" (Nov./Dec. 1985)

The subject of the enclosed photograph is only 50 years, or so, nearer the beginning; but it portrays the then sophisticated entertainment achieved by the available talent.

The "chorus" at dress (?) rehearsal

before School Nite 1935 show-time in Hart House Theatre. Left to right — B.G. Edwards, Me, "Doc", VanLoon, Jim Lang, "Stump" Perry, Walter Warren.

Richard H. Miller
Cheshire, Connecticut

*The scrap
with the Meds*



*The little
argument*



that paper. I suppose you'll want to know a few particulars about last Thursday's incident. Here they are in skeleton form.

Second year (S.P.S.) were kicked out of a lecture and started a scrap with the Meds. After the Principal (Galbraith) had somewhat quieted down the row, the boys lined up on the lawn and I took a picture of the crowd. Principal came up and wanted me to promise him a copy of the photo which I refused to do, suspecting that he wanted it for evidence. He used all kinds of threats but that was my stubborn day.

Finally he snatched the Kodak out of my hands and gave it to Mr. Anderson, one of the lecturers, with instructions to develop the film. *The whole school* made a rush for Mr. A, snatched the Kodak, and somebody got away with it. It was arranged that I should know nothing about

the camera, so it came back to the boarding house (empty of course) two days later, unharmed.

Have heard nothing from the faculty since then. First and second year are still on strike.

Wimund

PS. While Principal Galbraith and I were having our little argument one of the other boys was busy with a Kodak and took this picture.

Another skirmish was between the engineers and the "Arts Men". The enterprising engineers routed their opponents with the help of a fire hose. They celebrated their victory by cutting the hose into pieces on which they pasted their faculty colours — a sort of service stripe for deeds of valour? It must have

been a valued trophy as my father kept it all his life in a tin box with his slide rule and drafting instruments.

Marion Kay
Toronto

As a Skuleman, I enjoyed the current issue of *The Graduate* so much that I had to write and tell you so. And as a senior citizen, I found "Fighting for Your Back" very timely, if a bit confusing. While neither I nor my wife have any symptoms of osteoporosis yet, I have been adding a little dolomite to the porridge every morning. Now I read that "They discovered that calcium alone did not improve bone mass." But on the final page they describe the amounts of calcium available in milk, cheese and yogurt and state that post-menopausal women (like my wife) must take at least 1500 mg. a day. So do I continue with the dolomite?

It is a long time since I sent in a Graduate Test puzzle, but I do find them very interesting and enclose the current Test No. 34. Since you generally get more than 300 entries, I calculated long ago that chances of winning were low, but it occurs to me that this is still a very low percentage of your readers, and I hope that you don't consider it to be indicative of low interest in the puzzles. While I am not in touch with any other alumni out here, I feel safe in reassuring you that a lot of people enjoy doing the puzzles but don't bother to mail them in. I got a book of *Herald Tribune* puzzles for Christmas and ordered more but enclosed a Graduate Test to demonstrate that cryptic crosswords are a more interesting challenge than those that rely for difficulty on an obscure heraldic symbol crossing the native name of an oriental worm.

So, keep up the good work, and have a difficult day.

J.F. Liston
Burritts Rapids, Ontario.

Another good reason for reading *The Graduate* — you can find out what happened to your old boyfriends. There was Dr. Raphael Chow, now head of Rehabilitation Medicine at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. The article "Fighting For Your Back" was excellent and timely as osteoporosis has suddenly come into its own with the media. Gotta run — I have to go drink another glass of milk.

Ellen Nichols Pennie
Caledon East, Ontario

Mary Halloran's meticulously researched article "Post-War Invasion" (Jan./Feb. 1986) with its photographs and captions not only plunged me right back into the immediate post-war years at U of T, but has also provided much information and many insights about the period that eluded me at the time. It is an article that I will keep and treasure.

There is only one paragraph with which I would take exception, the one which describes the role of the ex-servicemen in campus life. While it is certainly true that the veterans assumed, in general, a position of leadership in both classroom and sports, the attitude of the civilian students has been somewhat distorted (unintentionally, to be sure).

During the years 1945-1950 I saw no evidence of resentment on the part of the younger students. As Miss Halloran says, the professors looked to these mature young men and women as natural leaders. The rest of us took our cue from the professors: we admired and respected the vets for their service to our country and we believed they deserved every bit of preference they might have received upon their return. In addition, their hard-won maturity and their well-ordered set of priorities forced us to *try* to measure up to their high standards of achieve-

ment. The gulf between us at the undergraduate level narrowed perceptibly in our M.A. year and at the College of Education. At those levels, the ex-servicemen proved very generous with their time and ideas, and there was genuine communication between the two groups.

Perhaps Miss Halloran could arrange to attend one or both of the annual spring reunions in 1988 and 1989 for the classes of 4T8 and 4T9. That would give her an opportunity to speak to those who attended the University during the period which she describes so well.

Evelyn McNab
Don Mills

Once again I am pleased to enclose my voluntary subscription for *The Graduate*. I enjoy getting it, as do others to whom I lend it. At times I send a copy of it to my daughter who teaches in a university in Sierra Leone, West Africa. She too finds it interesting.

Kathleen L. Stratten
Regina

In the article "Keying in Touch" (Jan./Feb. 1986) reference was made to Martin MacPhail, a graduate student. MacPhail's first name is Malcolm. We regret.

Editor

The morning after enjoying Judith Knelman's "Outrageously Inappropriate" article concerning the Reich-Bond search for unintended intentional puns (Jan./Feb.), I happened to be phoning a CIDA representative in Ottawa to make arrangements for meeting some Thai visitors.

In the course of our conversation, I suggested some flexibility about the time of meeting "as I don't want to tie you and them down." Realizing what I had said, I hastened to assure her that the pun was unintentional. I was in the midst of *that* explanation when I recalled Knelman's article. So I then had to try to explain that the pun was unintentionally intended (I think).

You're wrecking my life! All future communications from this office are to be prefaced by "No pun intended."

Please do a follow-up with some of their more interesting samples.

Peter Evans
Ottawa

This last issue is definitely your best yet. On second thought, I think that each time I receive a copy.

To say "keep up the good work" is too prosaic, so let's use the Canadian greeting — CHIMO!

Alex Drennan
Vancouver, B.C.

The Jan./Feb. issue of *The Graduate* is exceptional and made me realize just how much I look forward to its arrival. I was particularly interested in the article on Canadian literature, "Writers Have Done The Work — Where Are The Readers?" Now I am just hoping that our library has, or can get, the books you suggest.

I am enclosing my voluntary contribution — keep *The Graduate* coming!

M. Jean (Prifogle) Shepard
Frankfort, Kentucky

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PAUL FOX: 'ONE OF THE UNIVERSITY'S STATESMEN'

PAUL FOX, THE RECIPIENT OF THIS year's Alumni Faculty Award, has taught more than 5,000 students in his 40-year career, among them politicians Barbara McDougall, Judy LaMarsh, Stephen Lewis, Ed Broadbent, Keith Davey, Bob Rae and David Crombie and U of T professors Bennett Kovrig, Peter Silcox, Ken Bryden, Ron Blair and Joy Esbrey.

Most of Fox's ex-students were in the introductory political science course, POL 100, which he taught for 25 years and for which he designed a textbook that has become a classic, *Politics: Canada*.

Desmond Morton, a professor of history at Erindale College, where Fox has been principal since 1976, speaks of "the diaspora of Fox's students" across Canada. Silcox describes him as one of a very small band of scholars with a national reputation as a teacher. Kenneth Hare, provost of Trinity College, calls him "one of the University's statesmen". To Dennis Duffy when he was principal of Innis College, Fox was a benchmark, a great administrator, genial and effective. To Harold Shipp, chairman of the Shipp Corporation, a Mississauga building firm, he is a good citizen, an active and enthusiastic supporter of community causes.

Fox began his career in a big way. He came back to U of T to do a master's degree after the war and was given a job teaching a class of 800 in Convocation Hall, before the days of public address systems. He was 24, and still in uniform, as were half the people in his class, since civilian clothing was in short supply.

In 1947 he got his M.A. and a British Council scholarship to the London School of Economics. While he was teaching at Carleton from 1948 to 1954 his interest shifted from the political theory of rule by divine right, the subject of his doctoral thesis, to the more practical and immediate area of Canadian government.

At Carleton he felt in the thick of Canadian politics thanks to the presence of R.B. Bryce, deputy minister of finance, Claude Isbister, deputy minister of trade and commerce, George Davidson, deputy minister of national health and welfare, Eugene Forsey, research director of the Canadian Congress of Labour, and R.A. MacKay, who was negotiating Newfound-



PHOTOGRAPHY BY IAN CRYSLER

land's entry into Confederation for the Department of External Affairs.

"It was a pretty heady group of people," he recalls. "Part of what really interested me in Canadian politics was that I was right there."

In 1954 he returned to U of T, where he's been ever since. His doctorate, from the London School of Economics, was awarded in 1959. He was cross-appointed at Trinity College from 1962 to 1976 and to Erindale from 1974 to 1976. Then he was asked by President John Evans to become principal of Erindale.

"He said he wanted me to go out there and really relate the campus to the community," recalls Fox. "That's what I tried to do. I've enjoyed it. It's fun to have had a part in building a new community. It didn't exist till 1974, and now it's the 14th largest city in Canada, and the fastest-growing one in the country."

He feels there was a great need in the new community for the kind of contribution a university could make. The college art gallery, the only one in Peel County that's a member of the Ontario Associa-

Paul Fox, alumni faculty award winner, with this year's Moss scholars, Frank MacGrath of Erindale (left) and Michael Zryd of Innis

tion of Art Galleries, is an example of the stamp of Erindale on Mississauga. Another is the citizen of the year award, which Fox suggested as a way of recognizing volunteer service. It's presented annually by the Erindale Campus Alumni Association, the *Mississauga News* and the City of Mississauga.

Since his main hobby is golf, one of his favourite honours is the naming of the P.W. Fox Invitational Golf Tournament last fall by the students of Erindale. "One of the nicest things about living in Mississauga is its proximity to good golf courses."

Fox will be on leave next year, then retire. In addition to playing golf, he expects to do a sixth edition of *Politics: Canada* and complete a book he is writing on political leadership.



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MOSS SCHOLARS FROM INNIS AND ERINDALE

THE SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE OF THE Alumni Association has named this year's recipients of the Moss Scholarships, awarded annually to students of outstanding academic achievement and involvement in University life. Michael Zryd of Innis College and Frank MacGrath of Erindale College have been awarded \$6,500 each toward graduate studies. The scholarships are named for John Henry Moss, who graduated from University College in 1889.

Zryd went from Halifax to Pearson College of the Pacific, which he attended as a recipient of a 1980 United World Colleges scholarship. Among his many other awards he includes the Louise McKinney post-secondary scholarship, the Grierson documentary seminar scholarship and an Alberta Heritage Fund academic scholarship. He has been active in athletics and in campus publications as editor of *The Innis Herald* and writer for *The Varsity*. Zryd intends to seek a master of arts degree in English or film studies.

The first Erindale recipient of a Moss scholarship, MacGrath is currently president of the student union. He has served on a wide variety of student, college and University committees, including the presidential task force on visa students and the search committee for the Erindale principal. He has written for Erindale's student paper, *Medium II*, and for *The Varsity* and has participated in campus theatre and athletics. MacGrath plans to enter a master of business administration program.

The scholarships will be presented at the April 9 Faculty Award Dinner at Hart House. Tickets are available from Alumni House, 978-2367.

UTSA SEEKS GREATER BARGAINING POWER

A RECORD TURNOUT OF ADMINISTRATIVE staff members voted at a general meeting of the University of Toronto Staff Association Feb. 13 to ask Governing Council to accept a memorandum of agreement that would give the association greater bargaining power.

The faculty has bargained under a memorandum of agreement since 1977 and in 1982 obtained a provision for binding arbitration. The staff association's proposed memorandum, a procedural guide to salary negotiations and a compendium of policies on working con-

ditions, specifies that in the event of an impasse in bargaining the dispute would go to mediation and then to binding arbitration.

David Askew, president of the association, told the meeting the bargaining power of a memorandum is needed since the University is no longer committed to giving the staff equivalent increases to those given the faculty.

"The faculty does not have more bargaining power because it has a memorandum; it has a memorandum because it has more bargaining power," one member objected at the meeting.

Despite objections expressed at the meeting to a requirement that dues be paid by all administrative staff members, even those who do not want to belong to UTSA, the motion passed, with 262 in favour and 45 against.

UTSA has about 1,900 members out of an administrative staff population of 3,800. "These people are asking to represent all 3,800 and want automatic dues check-off besides. You just have to question the numbers," said Eleanor De Wolf, director of personnel.

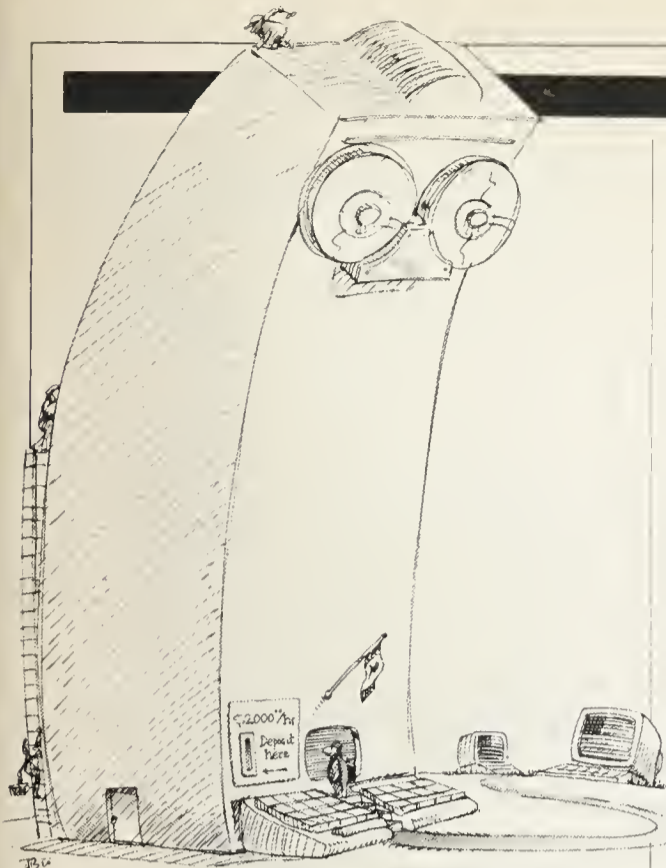
SUPERCOMPUTER TOO EXPENSIVE?

U OF T VICE-PRESIDENT (RESEARCH) David Nowlan is hoping that the University will buy a Cray X-MP/24 supercomputer, though opponents of the plan warn that even if the provincial government comes through with a \$10 million grant the machine will be too expensive.

Federal grants, commercial sales and fees for research use are intended to pay for the operating and extra capital costs of the \$14 million facility. Researchers would pay a nominal fee of about \$100 an hour to use it, while commercial users would be expected to pay about \$2,000 an hour.

The University community is divided over the issue of whether the University can afford to buy the supercomputer — or whether it can afford not to. On the one hand, if projections of revenue prove unrealistic, it could be a financial drain. On the other, there are fears that U of T academics limited by a relatively small computer system could not compete with American researchers who have access to supercomputers and that graduate students and young researchers who would otherwise stay at U of T would move to the U.S. to have access to supercomputer facilities.

The University's Research Board has unanimously endorsed the report of its supercomputer review committee recommending the purchase of a Cray X-MP/24



ARCHITECTURE SOON TO CLOSE?

IN 1990, THE YEAR ARCHITECTURE should be celebrating its centenary, it may instead be closing down. A beleaguered central administration, a week after disgruntled architecture students and faculty members petitioned for the removal of Acting Dean Peter Wright and a statement of support from the administration, announced Jan. 23 that it would recommend to Governing Council that the Faculty of Architecture and Landscape Architecture stay in business only long enough to allow students now in first year to graduate.

The faculty has been without a dean since the expiry of Blanche van Ginkel's term in 1982, when Jacob Spelt, a geographer, was named dean *pro tem*. After two years of continuing unrest and upheaval in the faculty, Spelt was succeeded by Wright, a civil engineer. Meanwhile, as a result of a difference of opinion with Spelt, the chairman of architecture, Antonio de Souza Santos, resigned in 1983, to be replaced by George Baird as acting chairman. Baird resigned last October after the administration announced that it could not come to terms with either of two candidates selected by the decanal search committee. He was replaced by Douglas Lee, whom the students subsequently asked the central administration to remove along with Wright.

Lee had selected a set of design studio options that the students considered were too technical. At the risk of losing their full-time status, they staged a boycott as a protest against the offerings. After the announcement of impending closure, two more options were added, and the boycott ended. Lee resigned at the end of January.

In announcing the closure of the faculty, President George Connell emphasized that the boycott was not a precipitating factor. Had it not been for the "volatile setting", he said, he'd have waited until he could present with the recommendation a position paper projecting the future of the faculty. The paper was presented at a special joint meeting of the Planning and Resources and Academic Affairs Committees Feb. 20, with further joint committee hearings scheduled to explore the question of whether the academic quality of the faculty is of the proper standard and, if not, whether the University can afford to provide the funds to improve it. If the president's recommendation to close down the faculty is approved by these

and has urged Nowlan to seek assurances of sufficient external income to cover the facility's operating costs.

The review committee's report will go to the March meetings of the Business Affairs and Planning and Resources Committees, which will make recommendations to Governing Council. If the council accepts the final proposal and the provincial government formally commits \$10 million to the purchase, the super-computer could be installed by June.

MEDIATOR FOR FACULTY SALARY DISPUTE

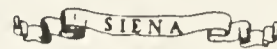
HON. THOMAS BERGER, FORMER JUDGE of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, has been named mediator in the faculty-administration salary dispute.

Berger, 52, is in Ontario for a two-month lecture series at Trent University on legal and public policy issues relating to the North. He is the first occupant of that university's chair in northern studies, which is funded by a Centres of Specialization grant from the Secretary of State.

Known as an advocate of native rights and environmental protection, Berger was commissioner for the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry from 1974 to 1977. As a lawyer, he has often represented unions and was an NDP Member of Parliament in 1962-63 and Member of the Legislative Assembly from 1966 to 1969.

The *Memorandum of Agreement* does not specify how long a mediator should attempt to bring the two sides together. If he cannot, he is to produce a report that is publicly circulated and then turn the dispute over to a three-person panel for binding arbitration.

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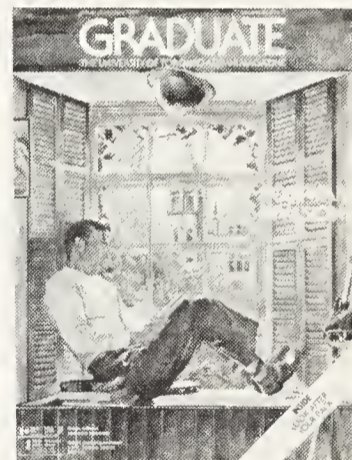
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THANK YOU

to the many readers who responded to our invitation to become voluntary subscribers to *The Graduate*. To those who intended and forgot, the invitation is still open. Send \$10 to The Graduate, Department of Communications, 45 Willcocks Street, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1 and mark it voluntary subscription.

committees, it will go to Governing Council for a final decision, probably not until May or June.

Toronto City Council has established a committee to see to it that a school of architecture stays in the city and has asked to appear at the U of T hearings. "It's unconscionable that Toronto shouldn't have a school of architecture," said Councillor Richard Gilbert. He said the committee will look into such other options as establishing a five-year course at Ryerson, which now has a four-year course for technicians, a new course at York or an independent school.

The Faculty of Architecture and Landscape Architecture, with a budget of \$1.8

million this year, has about 240 students in architecture and another 80 in landscape architecture. Although landscape architecture has not suffered from the same problems as the architecture program, it is unfortunately not viable as a free-standing program. Connell has promised that the 12 tenured faculty members' contracts of continuing employment with the University would be honoured should the faculty close.

When instruction in architecture began at U of T it was in the School of Practical Science, which later became the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. In 1922 the degree was changed to B.Arch., and in 1928 the course was lengthened to

five years. In 1948 the school became an independent division of the University.

The U of T B.Arch. was recognized in 1930 by the Royal Institute of British Architects as equivalent to that of approved schools in the U.K. The degree is also recognized by the Commonwealth Association of Architects and by the Association of Architects in every province. There are 10 Canadian universities offering degrees in architecture, three of them in Ontario (Waterloo, Carleton and U of T).

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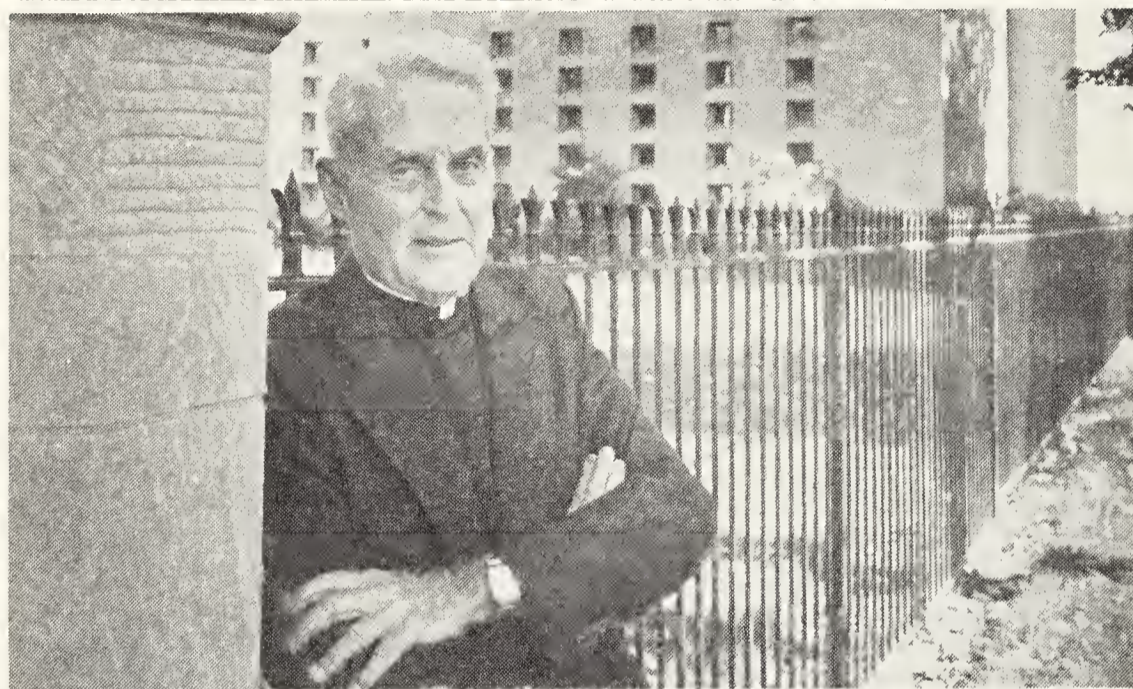
If one of the many unclaimed May/June 1984 diplomas in U of T's Office of Academic Statistics and Records, eighth floor, Robarts Library, is yours, why not pick it up or have it sent to you by registered mail?

If you pick it up, you will need identification; if you send someone, please provide a letter of authorization.

If you write, address your letter to: Diplomas, Office of Academic Statistics and Records, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1, and enclose a certified cheque or money order for \$6.50.

All of the following information, typed or printed, is required: your graduation name; address; date of convocation; degree; faculty or school and college if applicable; student number. If your name has changed since graduation, please provide some proof of your former name.

All unclaimed May/June 1984 diplomas will be destroyed on September 5, 1986. A replacement fee, currently \$30, will be assessed after that date.



Father John Kelly, who came to St. Michael's as an undergraduate in 1927 and went on to become its president in 1958, left the University Jan. 31 for the Henry Carr Farm, a Basilian house in Bond Head, 80 kilometres northwest of Toronto. A philosopher by profession, Father Kelly taught until 1974. Following his retirement as president in 1978 he served as director of the college alumni association. An admired member of the community, his departure has been keenly felt in all parts of the University and especially at St. Michael's.



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PIGEONHOLE PRINCIPLE

SEEKING A LITTLE PEACE, ANGELA swandered from the ballroom into the lobby of the hotel in which her family reunion was being held. There were more than 50 people there, ranging in age from one to no more than 100. In the lobby, the desk clerk was about to distribute the mail into the pigeonholes beside his desk. Since there were more letters than pigeonholes, Angela realized that, without a shadow of a doubt, no matter how the letters were distributed, some pigeonhole was going to receive at least two letters. Angela shivered at the inevitability of it. It seemed such a simple piece of reasoning, but she was drawn by its power and she began to think what else she could deduce from it.

Her mind went back to the crowd in the ballroom. It was certain that unless two people had the same age, someone's age was a multiple of another's and furthermore there were two people in that room whose ages were consecutive integers.

She then remembered how glad the members of the family were to see each other again; there was a great deal of handshaking at the beginning of the reunion. "There are two people in that room," she confided to herself, "who have shaken exactly the same number of hands."

Refreshed, she decided to return to the ballroom in time for the cutting of the cake. It was baked in the shape of a regular hexagon; each of its six sides was exactly one foot long. On the top, it was decorated with seven rosebuds. Before Angela even looked at the cake, she knew that two of those rosebuds were no more than one foot apart.

Vindicate Angela's conclusions to: Aftermath, The Graduate, Department of Communications, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.



THE GRADUATE TEST NO. 35

THE WINNER OF THE Graduate Test No. 33 in the Nov./Dec. issue was F.R. Hickey of Hudson, Ohio, who has been sent a copy of *The Malcove Collection*. We received a total of 267 entries.

For Test No. 35 the University of Toronto Press has generously provided *Susanna Moodie: Letters of a Lifetime*, edited by Carl Ballstadt, Elizabeth Hopkins and Michael Peterman. Mrs. Moodie is known to most readers as the author of *Roughing It in the Bush*, her account of life in Upper Canada in the 1850s. This collection of letters includes those to Richard Bentley, her publisher, in which she deals not only with business matters but gives her views on the social and political debates of the day. The letters, business and personal, give a picture of a talented woman: girlhood in Suffolk, experience as an aspiring young writer in London, emigration to Upper Canada and 50 years of life there.

Entries must be postmarked on or before April 30. The solution will be in the May/June issue; the winner in Sept./Oct.

Address entries to: The Graduate Test, Department of Communications, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1. And please don't forget to include your name and address.

The Graduate Test No. 34

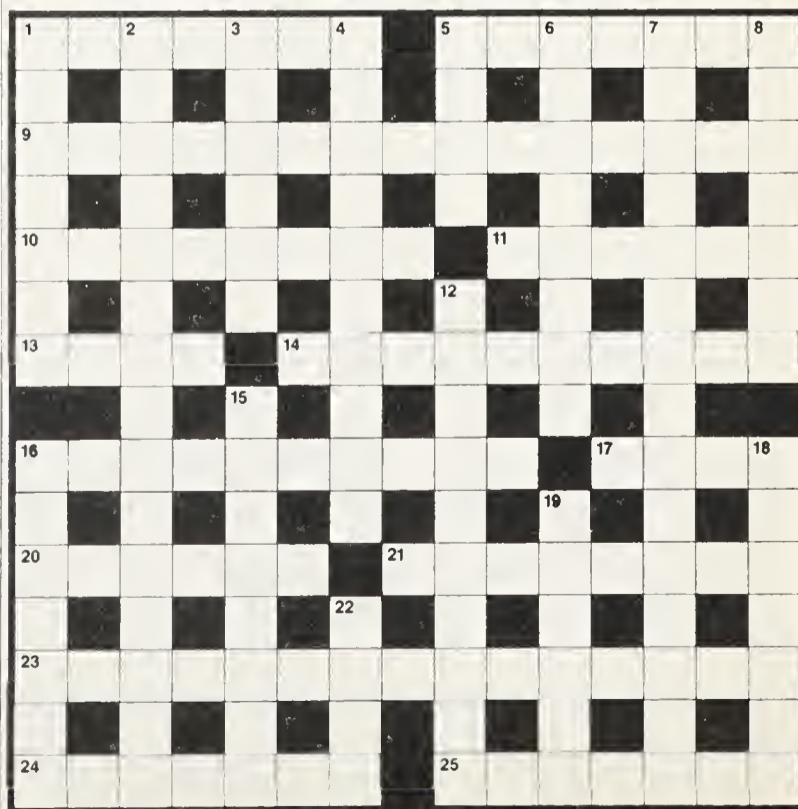


ACROSS

- Location for clothing that's past now (7)
- Of the fifth element looking like Mr. Justice Laskin with counterintelligence corps (7)
- One impression dropped from ID after men in wet-suits seen spreading out (15)
- Strains sine waves in weights (8)
- Cancer? Ten tens plus one left the other way (6)
- German flower a factor to old city's comeback? (4)
- About separation of apparition in telephone device (10)
- Remnants of sifting through showings of films (10)
- One politician's little devils (4)
- Recondite about being held by religious group (6)
- Old traditionalist was not happy with Mussolini initially taking Ethiopia (8)
- Choose sumptuous food — it may keep you warm (8,7)
- Faint-heartedly and lazily, tiny Dickensian was first (7)
- Most embarrassed if the others hold note to theologian (7)

DOWN

- One who checks statements that Toronto's leaders followed German car (7)
- It's clotted and disgracefully covered in shame taking in one of school's basics (10,5)
- I wager it's wrong for an insect (6)
- Since fiction loses on reworking, it's systematic (10)
- After a degree, it is something attractive (4)
- Suffer collapse when trying to harvest in front of headless bear (4,4)
- It folds when felony holds champ in gin mix (8,7)
- Sneering Channel Islands hold back N.Y. to California (7)
- Coffin carried nothing to plot: Elspeth Cameron? (10)
- Considered it an affront to be despatched in a rush (8)
- Doubt causes us pectoral extraction (7)
- Cunning point in contemptuous disregard (7)
- Many kings little educated: conflict finally ended (6)
- A shame there's a point missing in reverence (4)





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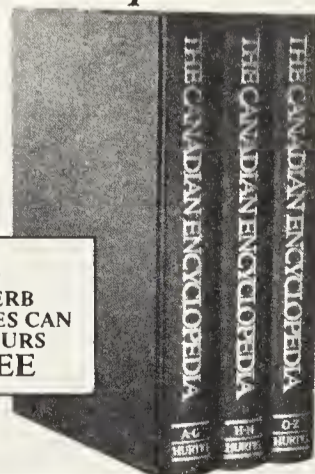
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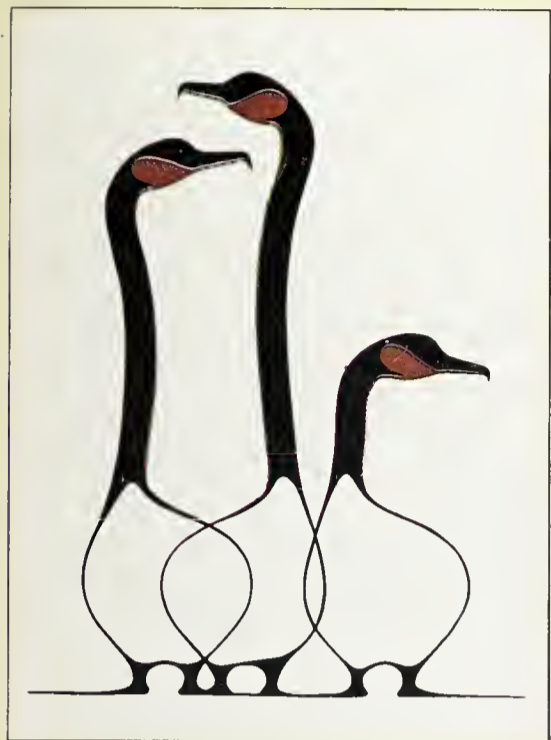
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Woodland Indian Artist

Benjamin Chee Chee

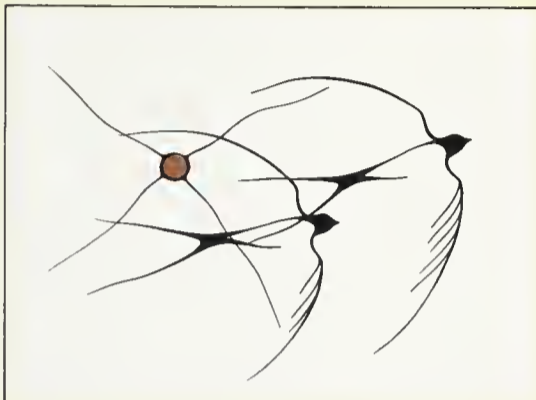
Alumni Media is pleased to present 9 reproductions of works by the late Benjamin Chee Chee. These are the only reproductions authorized by the artist's estate.



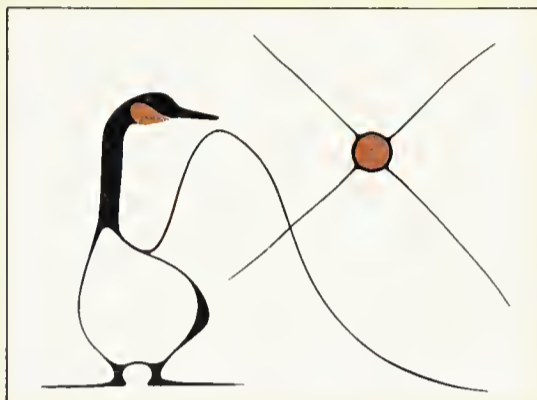
A Friends

A mainly self-taught artist, Chee Chee was a prominent member of the second generation of woodland Indian painters. Unlike many of his contemporaries who employed direct and "primitive" means, Chee Chee's work was influenced by modern abstraction. His style reduced line and image in keeping with international modern art. At the age of 32, at the height of his success, Chee Chee died tragically by suicide.

These reproductions are printed on high quality, textured stock and measure 48 cm x 61 cm (19"x24").



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F Sun Bird



G Spring Flight



H Wait For Me



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A Low Tide



B Summer Morning



C Sakinaw Lake



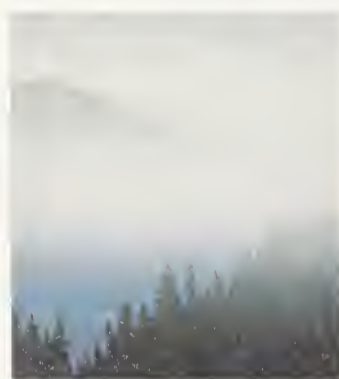
D Early Frost



E Summer Rain



F Cove



G Port Moody



H Indian Summer



I Sunday Night

A

B G H

C F

D E I

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